HACKLEMAN'S

Gospel Songs
Quartettes
Choruses and
Hymns

LADIES' VOICES

A CHOICE COLLECTION FOR
WOMENS' ORGANIZATIONS

By PEARL CONNER HACKLEMAN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
CINCINNATI, O.

783 H MUSIC LIBRARY 3790

Hackleman, Pearl Conner

AUTHOR

Ladies Voices

TITLE

783 H 3790

NEBRASKA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
909 PARK AVE.
NORFOLK, NEBRASKA

MUSIC LIBRARY

Date Due

AP 11 '63			
MY 23 '69			
NO 3 '70			

HACKLEMAN'S
LADIES' VOICES

Consisting of

Gospel Songs,
Quartettes, Choruses,
and Standard Hymns

for the use of

Women's Organizations,
C. W. B. M. Meetings,
Adult Bible Classes,
Y. W. C. Associations,
Ladies' Quartettes,
Ladies' Choruses, Etc.

COMPILED BY
PEARL CONNER HACKLEMAN

Copyright, 1911, W. E. M. Hackleman

PRICE OF THIS BOOK
50 cents

PUBLISHED BY
THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
CINCINNATI, O.

CONTENTS—Ladies' Voices.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name 27, 49
Arouse Ye!.....37

Beautiful Isle 3
Be Strong.....65
Beyond Today 60

Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters 18
Come, All Ye People.....71

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd 46
Did You Think to Pray?.....62
Drifting Down.....50

Father of Mercies.....74

God Will Take Care of You.....16
Going Down the Valley..... 4
Go Ye Into All the World.....58

Have Faith in God.....10
He Is Mine.....52
Help Somebody Today.....24
His Mercy Endureth.....43

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth 40
I Love Him 25
I Love to Tell the Story.....26
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go 21
I Must Tell Jesus.....44
In Beulah Land.....59
India's Famine Cry.....17
I Remember Calvary.....13
I Walk With God..... 1

Jesus, Blessed Jesus..... 9
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken..32
Jesus Is All the World to Me... 7
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.....22
Just for Today.....55

Lead, Kindly Light.....41
Lead Me Gently Home, Father.. 5
Let the Lower Lights be Burning 8
Men for the Man of Galilee.....66
Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form 20
More About Jesus..... 6
More Holiness Give Me.....51
Mother Knows.....63
My Lord and I.....56

Nearer, My God, to Thee.....72

O Cross of Love.....48
O Do Some Good Deed Every Day 28
O Heroes Brave 36
Others 53
O Love That Wilt Not Let Us Go 69
O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.68
O What Must It be to be Lost?..39
Oh, Sound the Jubilee.....54
Our Sunset Song.....30

Redeemed By His Blood.....57

Silently Bury the Dead.....33
Silently the Shades of Evening.47
Some Day, Somewhere.....34
Some Day You Will Know Why.61
Some One Is Watching Your Light 67
Songs of Triumph.....35
Speed Away! 19

That Beautiful Land.....31
The Beautiful Gates of Gold....29
The Cross Is Not Greater.....12
The Half Has Never Been Told.14
The Lord Knows Why..... 2
The Palms 70
The Rock That Is Higher Than I.15
The Way of the Cross Leads Home 23
The Wondrous Cross.....42
Thy Will Be Done.....45, 73

Were You There?.....38
What Did He Do?.....11
Why Will You Go Away To-night 64

HACKLEMAN'S
Ladies' Voices

SACRED.

No. 1. I Walk With God.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the way is rough and steep, Or in pleas - ant paths I trod,
2. O the joy so deep and sweet That is mine from day to day!
3. Trust - ing whol - ly in the love That is ev - er round my way,

This glad thought is mine to keep— I walk with God.
For 'tis God who guides my feet A - long the way.
God's sweet prom - is - es I prove From day to day.
I walk, I walk with God.

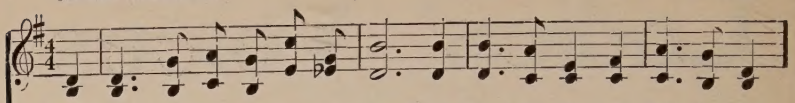
CHORUS.

What-ev-er be-fall and wher-ev-er I go, While earth's pilgrim journey is trod,

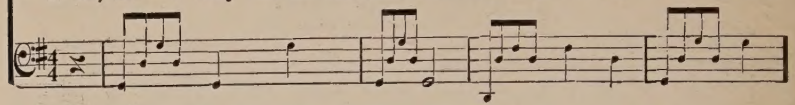
My soul is at peace, for 'tis heav-en to know I walk with God.
I walk, I walk with God.

No. 2. The Lord Knows Why.

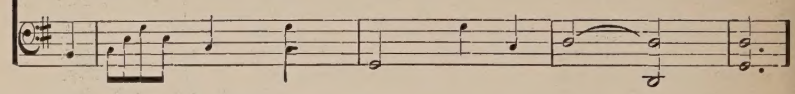
JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr, CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



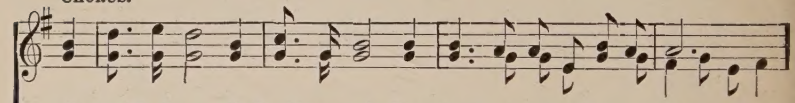
1. I may not know the rea-son why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come, To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un - der-stand The lead - ings of my Fa-ther's hand,



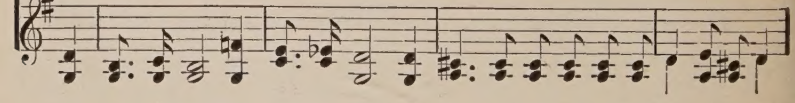
But tho' my sea be smooth or rough, The Lord knows why, and that's e-nough.
But, trust-ing Him, I'll press my way, The Lord knows why—I will o - bey.
But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.
I know to all He has the key, He un - der-stands each mys-ter - y.

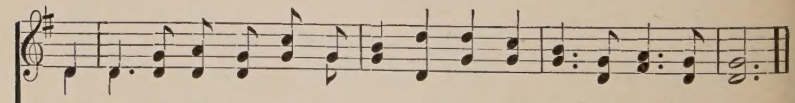


CHORUS.

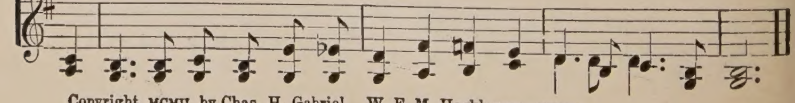


O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why These things are order'd from on high;
from on high;





And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.



Copyright, MCMII, by Chas. H. Gabriel. W. E. M. Hackleman, owner.

No. 3.

*Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1897 BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song - birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
Somewhere the heart is stron - ger, Somewhere the guer - don won.
Somewhere the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.

rit.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!
Somewhere, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,

rit.

Land of the true, where we live a - new—Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where.

**Sung at the funeral of our martyred President, William McKinley.*

No. 4. Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our fa-ces tow'rd the
2. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the la-bors of the
3. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, Hu-man comrades you or

set-ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the mournful cy-press grows,
wea-ry day are done; One by one the cares of earth for-ev - er past,
I will there have none; But a ten - der hand will guide us lest we fall,

CHORUS.

Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.
We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. We are going down the valley,
Christ is go - ing down the val-ley with us all.

go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing tow'rd the setting of the sun, We are go-ing

down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.

Copyright, MDCCCXC, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 5. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

Solo or Duet and Chorus.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are end-ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more can tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.

2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's darkest hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home.

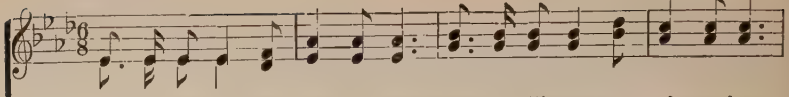
f *rit.* *pp*

Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home. gen-tly home.

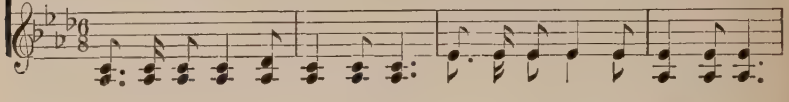
Copyright, MDCCCLXXIX, by Will L. Thompson & Co.

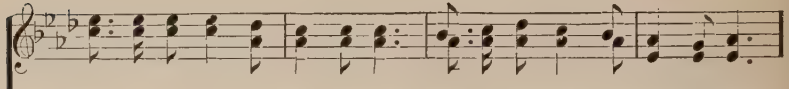
No. 6. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

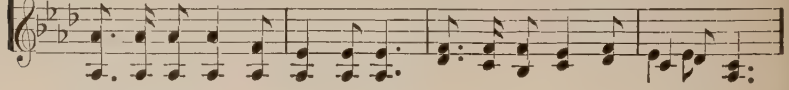


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show:
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His Word, Holding com-munion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own.

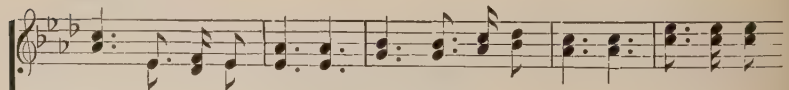




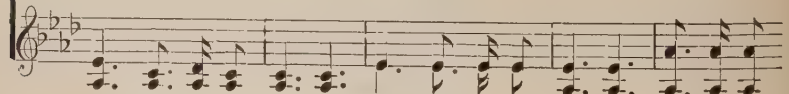
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of peace.

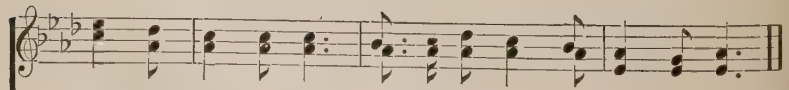


Refrain.

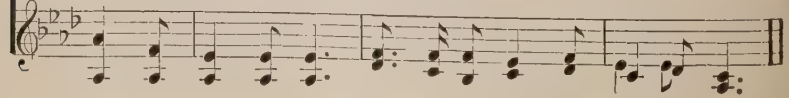


More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus; More of His





sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.



Copyright, MDCCCXCI, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per. of Mrs. Jno. R Sweney.

No. 7. Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ney, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

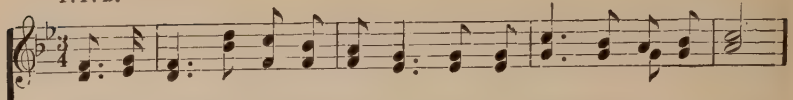
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep-ing His cross with - in my sight;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

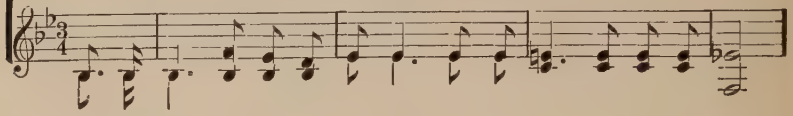
Copyright, MCMIV, by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

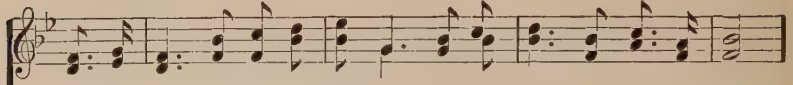
No. 8. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

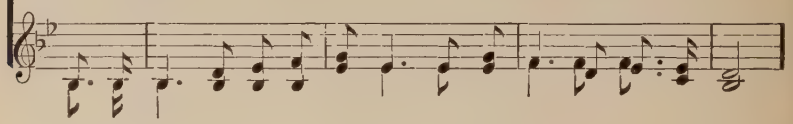


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,

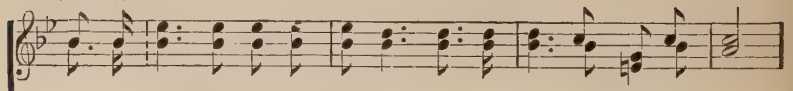




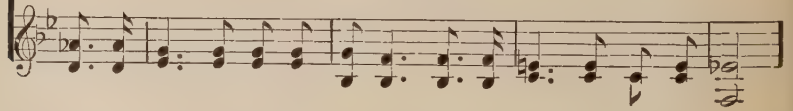
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to reach the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

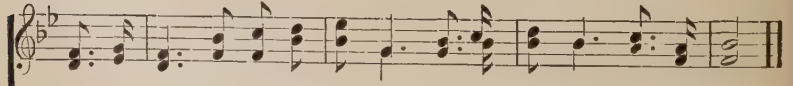


Chorus.

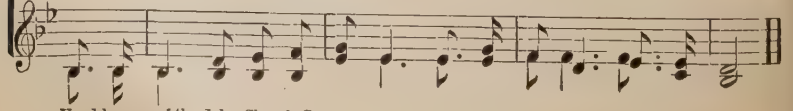


Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!





Some poor faint-ing struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.



Used by per. of the John Church Co.

No. 9. Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

m *pp*

1. There is One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
4. When the harvest is past He will come a - gain, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;
5. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus;

m *pp*

Who is a - ble to save when the foe as-sails, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
He heal-eth our wounds and He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
His arm is a - round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
O let us be read - y to meet Him then, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus;

Once He traveled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
Tho' so oft - en de - nied is He, Spurned the love that built Cal-va-ry,
When from loved ones were called to part, When the tears in our anguish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor-dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be-fore,

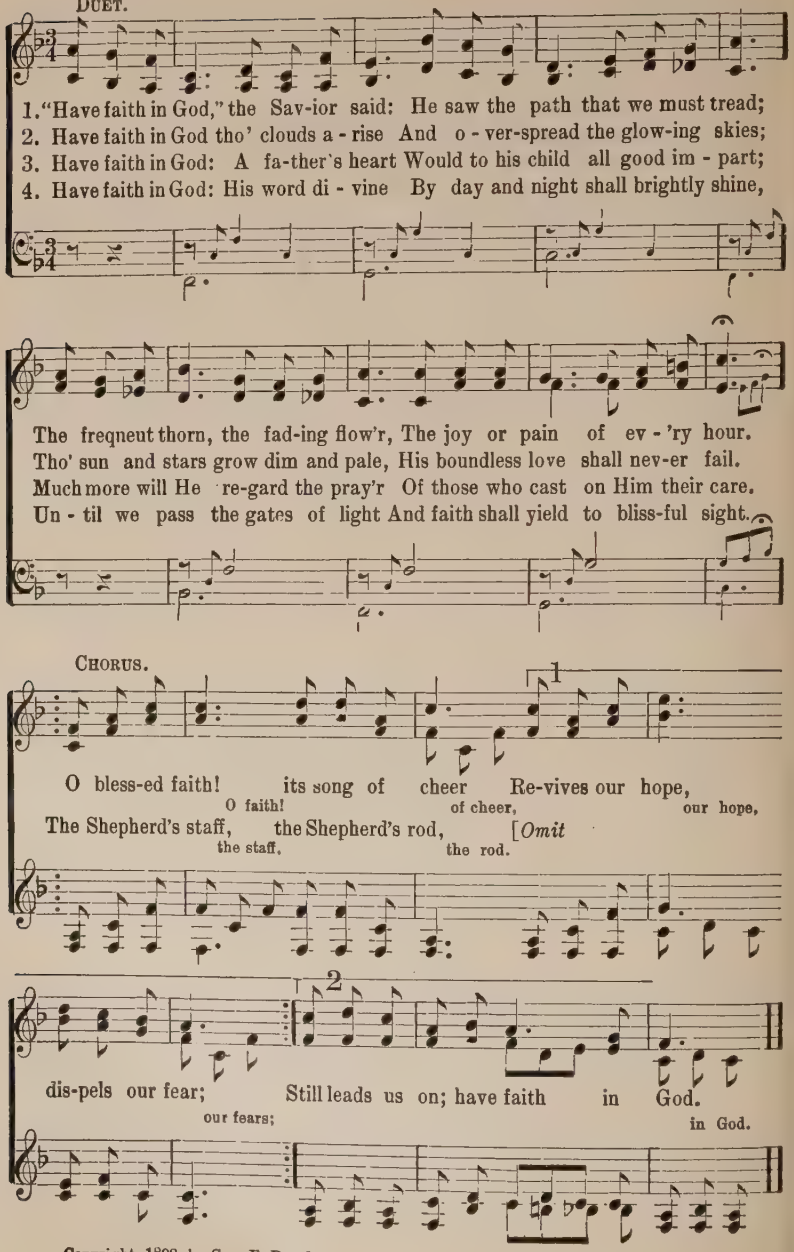
f *pp*

Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, blessed Je - sus?
Still with pleadings of "Come to me," Stands Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
None can com-fort the break-ing heart But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
He will meet us with out-stretched hand, This Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

Copyright, MCMVI, by Chas. H. Gabriel. W. E. M. Hackleman, owner.

No. 10. Have Faith in God.

E. E. Hewitt. Geo. F. Rosche.



Copyright, 1898. by Geo. F. Rosche.

No. 11.

What Did He Do?

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
PROPERTY OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO.
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Dr. J. M. Gray.

W. Owen. Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Solo, 2nd Soprano.

Hum . . . . . *Parts.*

1. O lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry: While we were a - mong the lost,
2. No an-gel could His place have ta-ken; High-est of the High was He:
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His scep-ter hum-bly bow?

Hum . . . . . .

Solo, 2nd Soprano.

Hum . . . . . *Parts.*

There came One down from Heaven's glo-ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost.
Though dy - ing on the Cross, for - sa-ken, Yet His pow'r saves you and me!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor; He will save you, save you now.

Hum . . . . . .

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the Cross? He

Where is He now? In Heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Believe it thou, In

No. 12. The Cross is not Greater.

Solo, or Duet and Chorus. Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth bright-er, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
than His grace,

hide His blessed face; I am satisfied to know That with
His bless-ed face,

Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

By per. of Ballington Booth, owner of copyright. All rights reserved.

No. 13. I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de - light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand;
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap - py with Christ, my Sav-ior, near,

And I re - mem-ber 'twas for me That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal - va - ry.
Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je - sus, my Friend, of Cal - va - ry.

Chorus.

Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

Copyright, MCM. by J. M. Black. Used by per.

No. 14. The Half has Never Been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad
4. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
been told,

The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
been told, cleanseth me.

No. 15. The Rock That is Higher Than I.

E. Jhonson. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor - rows pre-vail;

And sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dus-ty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad - ow - y vale.

Chorus.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is
let me fly,

hfgh - er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I;

fly, To the Rock that is high - er thau I.
let me fly.

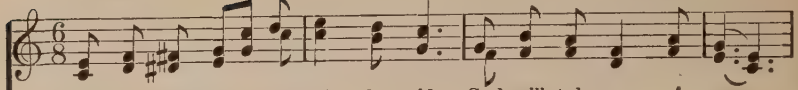
No. 16. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

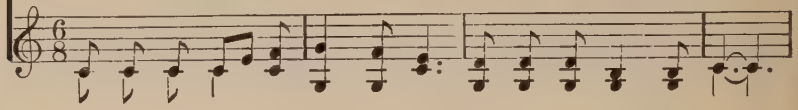
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.

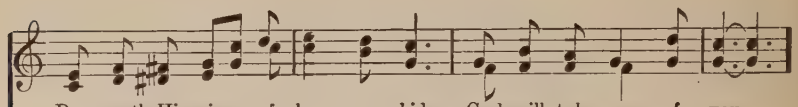
W. S. Martin.
Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman, by per.

C. D. Martin.

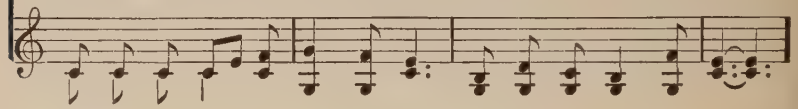


1. Be not dis-mayed, whate'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the best, God will take care of you;

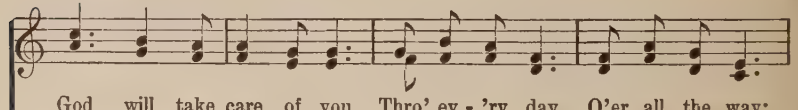




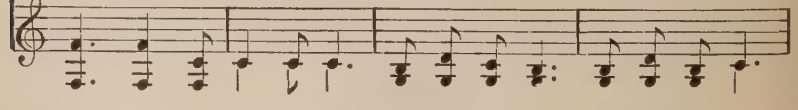
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

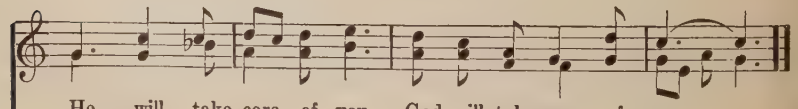


CHORUS.

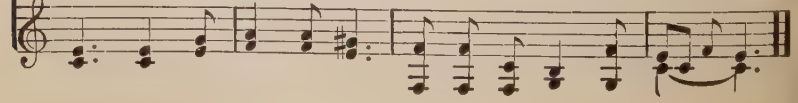


God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;





He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.



No. 17. India's Famine Cry.

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT, COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN

Emma Richardson Wharton. **Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.**

1. They're call-ing to-night where the palm-trees grow, Call - ing where the palm-trees grow;
2. They're homeless to-night where the palm-trees grow, Homeless where the palm-trees grow;
3. They're faint-ing to-night where the palm-trees grow, Faint-ing where the palm-trees grow;
4. They're dy-ing to-night where the palm-trees grow, Dy - ing where the palm-trees grow;

O hark! on the breeze what a cry of woe! Harken what a cry of woe!
O, God! how they moan while they wand'ring go! Moaning while they wand'ring go!
There's anguish and tears, while the hot winds blow, Anguish while the hot winds blow.
Unnumbered they fall 'neath the sun's fierce glow, Falling 'neath the sun's fierce glow.

Hun-gry are the souls that are call - ing to-night, Wait-ing for the gloom to cease;
Hun-gry are the souls that are homeless to-night, Wait-ing for the gloom to cease;
Hun-gry are the souls that are weep-ing to-night, Wait-ing for the gloom to cease;
Hun-gry are the souls that are dy - ing to-night, Wait-ing for the pain to cease;

Man - y are the hearts pray-ing for the light, The dawn of hope and peace.

Repeat softly.

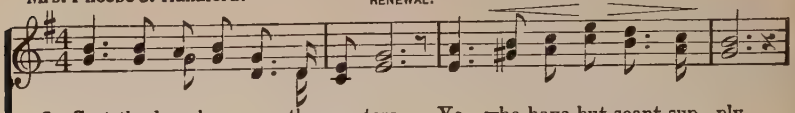
Call - ing to-night, call - ing to-night, Call - ing where the palm-trees grow.
Home-less to-night, home-less to-night, Home-less where the palm-trees grow.
Faint-ing to-night, faint-ing to-night, Faint - ing where the palm-trees grow.
Dy - ing to-night, dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing where the palm-trees grow.

No. 18. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

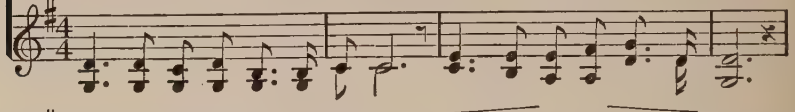
Mrs. Phoebe J. Hanaford.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
RENEWAL.

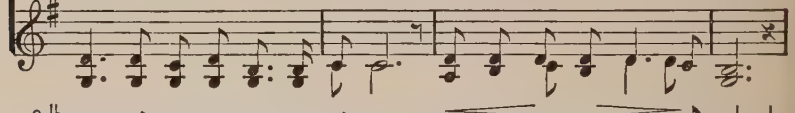
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



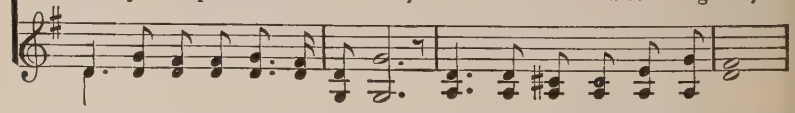
1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Poor and wear-y, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have a - bun-dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray - ing breath;



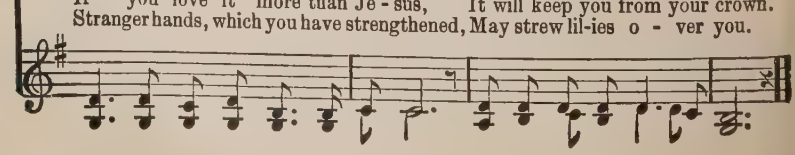
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on man-y a bil - low, It may strand on man - y a shore;
Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubtful mo-ment It may save a soul from death.



He who in His righteous bal-ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh,
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and eve - ning dew,



Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vi - sion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lil-ies o - ver you.



No. 19. Speed Away!

WORDS AND HARMONY, COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

W. E. M. Hackleman. Woodbury. Har. by W. E. M. H.

f *p*

1. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Gos - pel of LIGHT To the
2. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Mes-sage of LOVE To the
3. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Word that gives LIFE To the

lands that are wrapped in the dark - ness of night; "Go ye in - to the
souls that know not of the Fa - ther a - bove, Who so loved this dark
na - tions in which Sa - tan's king-dom is rife; For the Word if be-

world!" 'tis the Sav-ior's com-mand, That the light of the Gos - pel shine
world that He gave His own Son, Thro' whose blood shed on Cal-v'ry re-
lieved and o - beyed will give peace; To the cap - tives of Sa - tan it

o'er ev - 'ry land. Then, go forth in His name, and the Gos - pel pro - claim,
demption was won.—Let us haste while 'tis day, not a moment de - lay,
will bring re - lease.—To the res-cue make haste, there is no time to waste,

f *p* *rit. ad lib.*

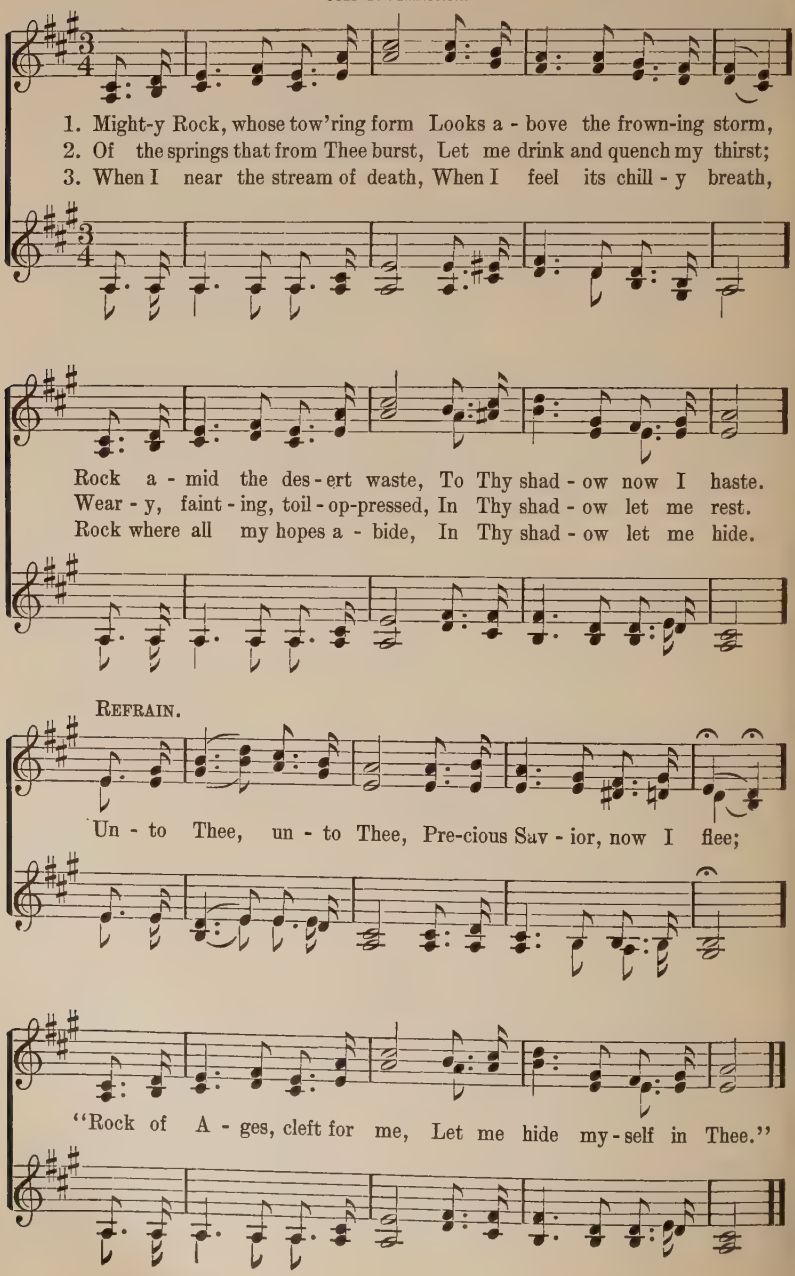
Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

No. 20. Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form.

Fanny J. Crosby.

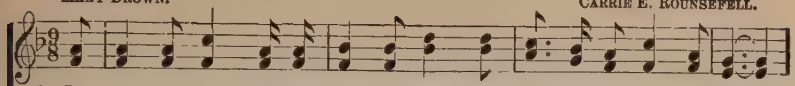
COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY T. C. O'KANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

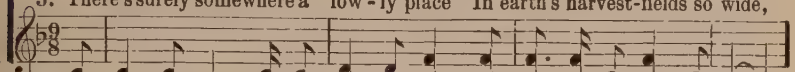


No. 21. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

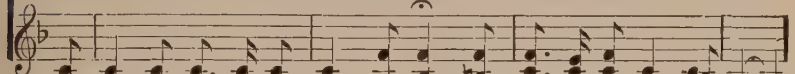
MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

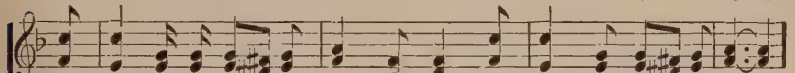


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

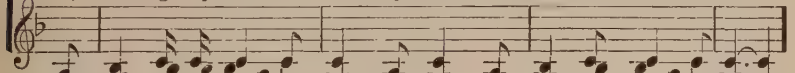


It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

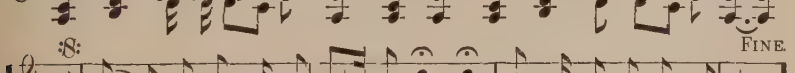




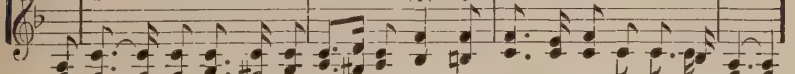
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!



:S: FINE.

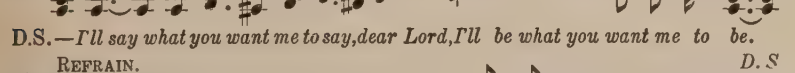


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere; I'll be what you want me to be.

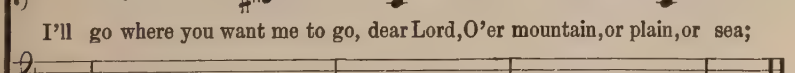


D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S*



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;



Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by C. E. Rounsefell.

No. 22. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Rev. C. Wesley. Joseph P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Wilt thou not re-gard my call? Wilt thou not ac - cept my pray'r?

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me;
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo, on thee I cast my care;

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Reach me out thy gra-cious hand! While I of thy strength re-ceive,

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!

4. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

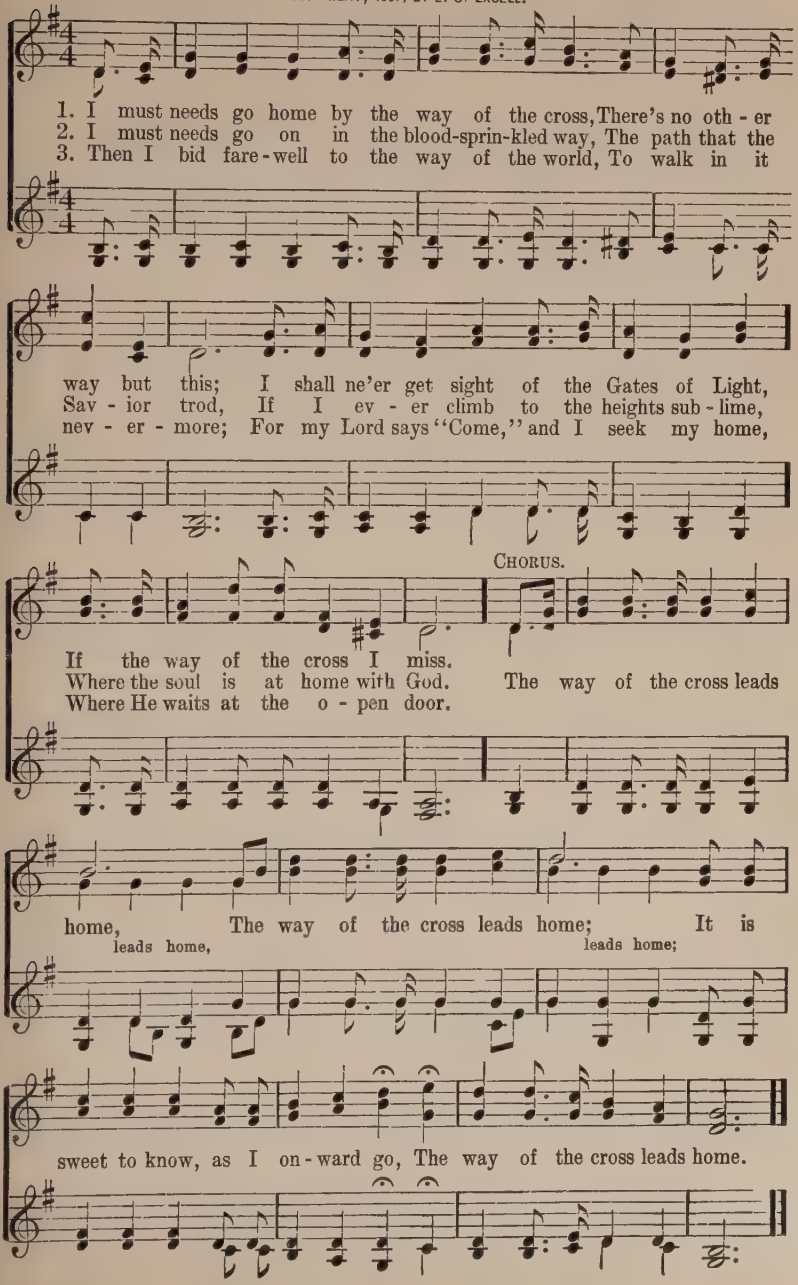
5. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 23. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

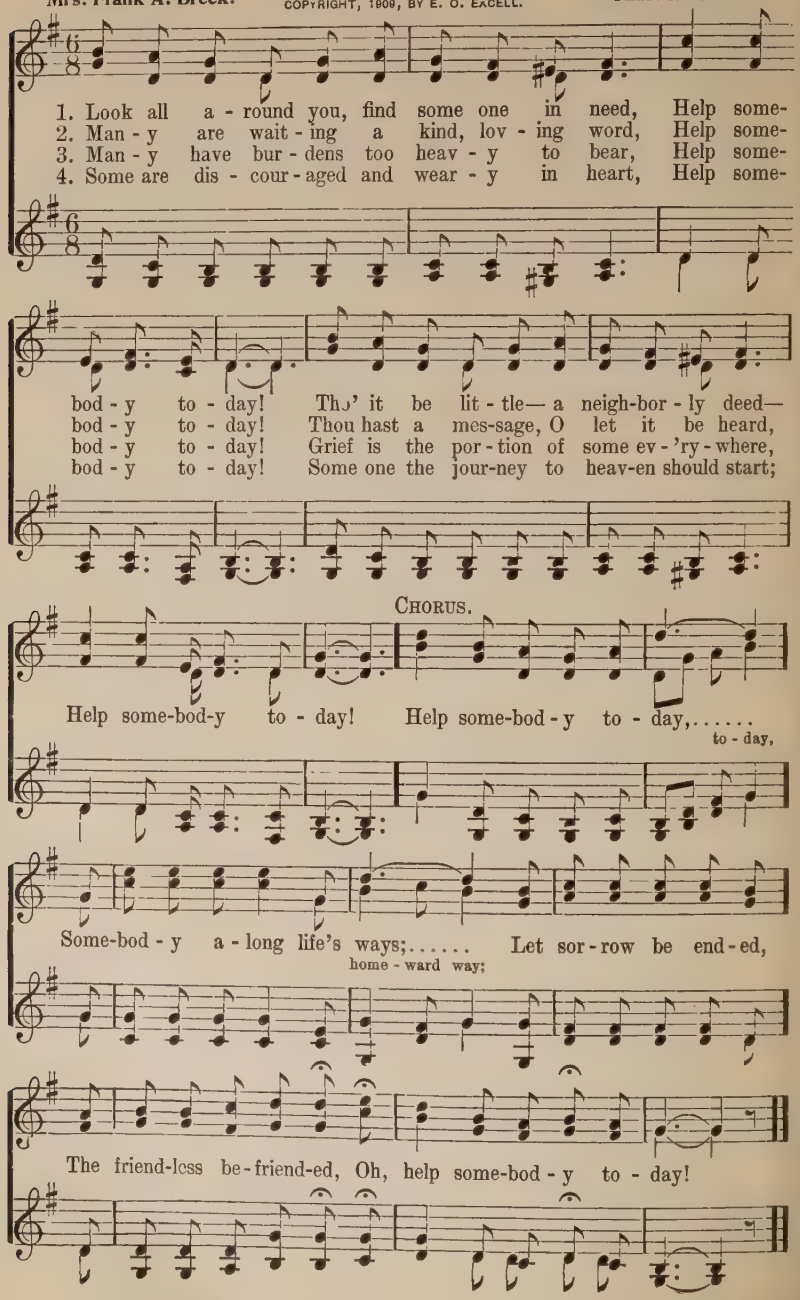


No. 24. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

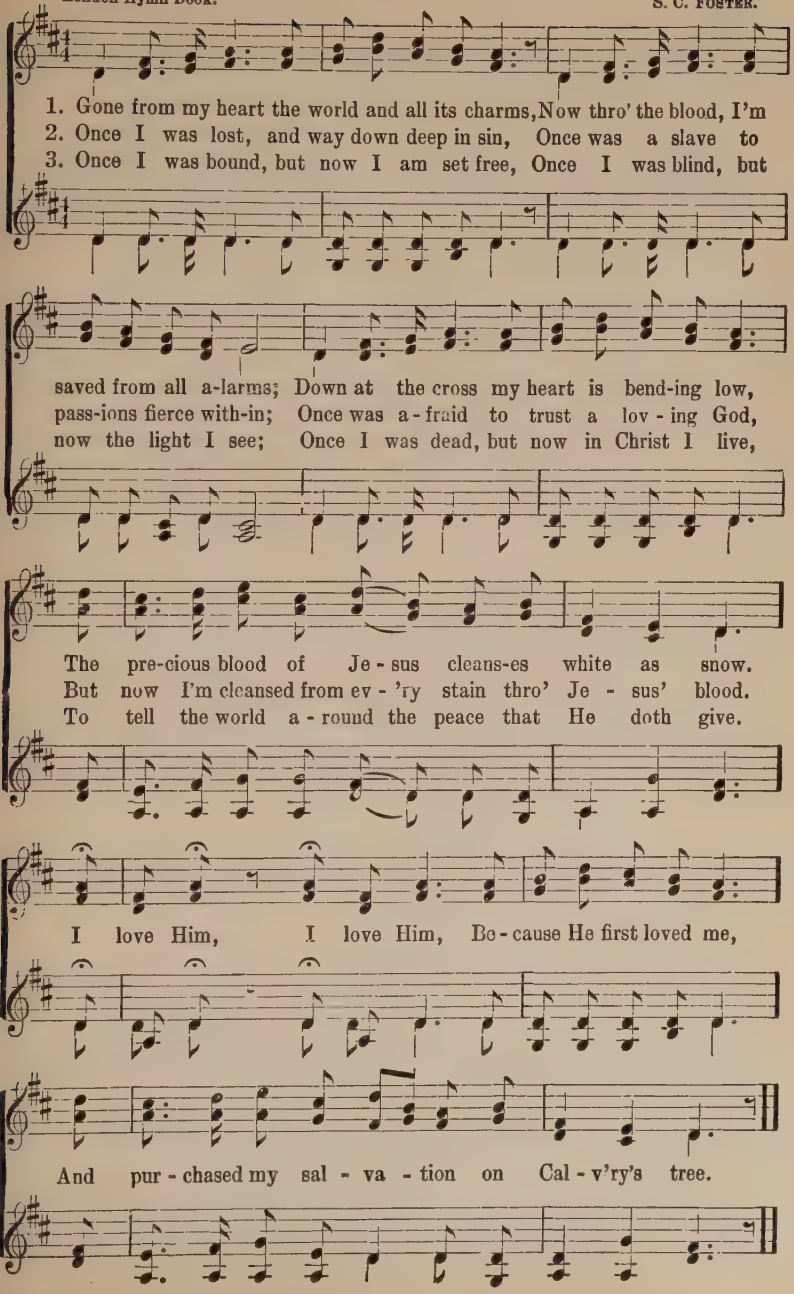
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 25. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster.



No. 26. I Love to Tell the Story.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Miss Kate Hankey. W. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true: It sat - is - fies my long-ings As noth-ing else would do.

2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams I love to tell the sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry! 'Twill

3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal- va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.

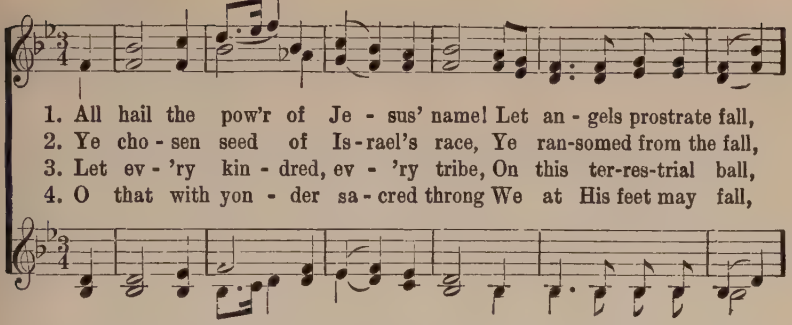
4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be— the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

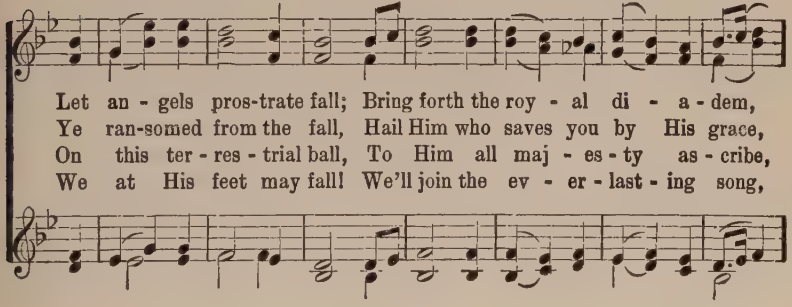
be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 27. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

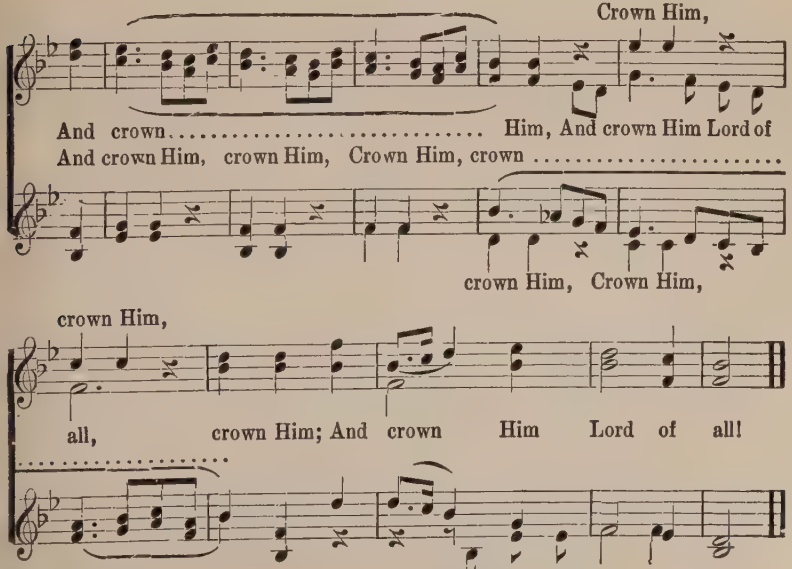
E. PERRONET.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown..... Crown Him, Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown .....
crown Him, Crown Him,
crown Him,
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
.....
crown..... Him; And crown Him

No. 28. O Do Some Good Deed Every Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. O do some good deed ev'ry day, And speak kind words along the way;
ev-'ry day, 'long the way;
2. O help a broth-er bear his load O'er life's up-hill and drear-y road;
bear his load drear-y road;
3. O seek, and you will always find The sheaves of good to reap and bind;
always find reap and bind;

O sing a glad and cheerful song, For it may make some weak heart strong.
cheerful song, weak heart strong.
With those who need, share ev'ry day The blessings God has sent your way.
ev-'ry day sent your way.
There's something you can do or say For Christ the Master's sake each day.
do or say yes, each day.

CHORUS.

O do some good deed ev'ry day, Then will the loving Master say:
ev-'ry day, Mas-ter say:

"Your deeds wrought in My name shall be Re-cord-ed as done un-to Me."
e'er shall be un-to Me."

No. 29. The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Are you walk-ing the path that is lead - ing To the home-land of
2. Are you walk-ing the path of de - lu - sion, Far a - way on the
3. Soon the jour-ney of earth shall be end - ing, And the sto - ry of
4. Will you come to the Sav - ior for guid - ance To this land rich with

beau-ties un - told? Are the pas-tures in which you are feed - ing, Near the
mountains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and con - fu - sion Far a-
life will be told; Shall your path-way, un-er-ring, be wend-ing Tow'rd the
bless-ings un - told? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

CHORUS.

beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
way from the gates of gold?
beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
lead to the gates of gold.

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold,....
the gates of gold,

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold;.....
the gates of gold;

Are you walk-ing to - day

in the heav-en-ward way, To the beau-ti - ful gates of gold?.....
the gates of gold?

No. 30.

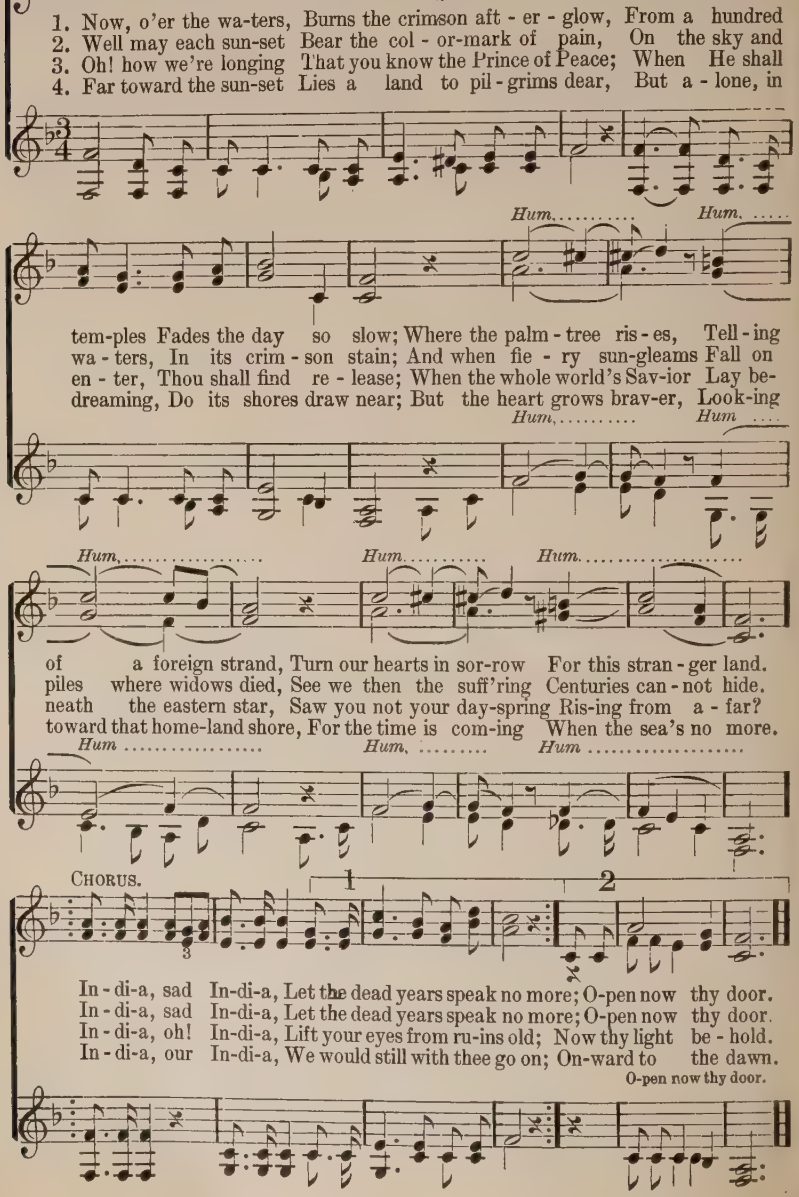
Our Sunset Song.

To Mrs. Adelaide Gail Jenks.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

From "Juanita."
Arr. Pearl C. Hackleman.

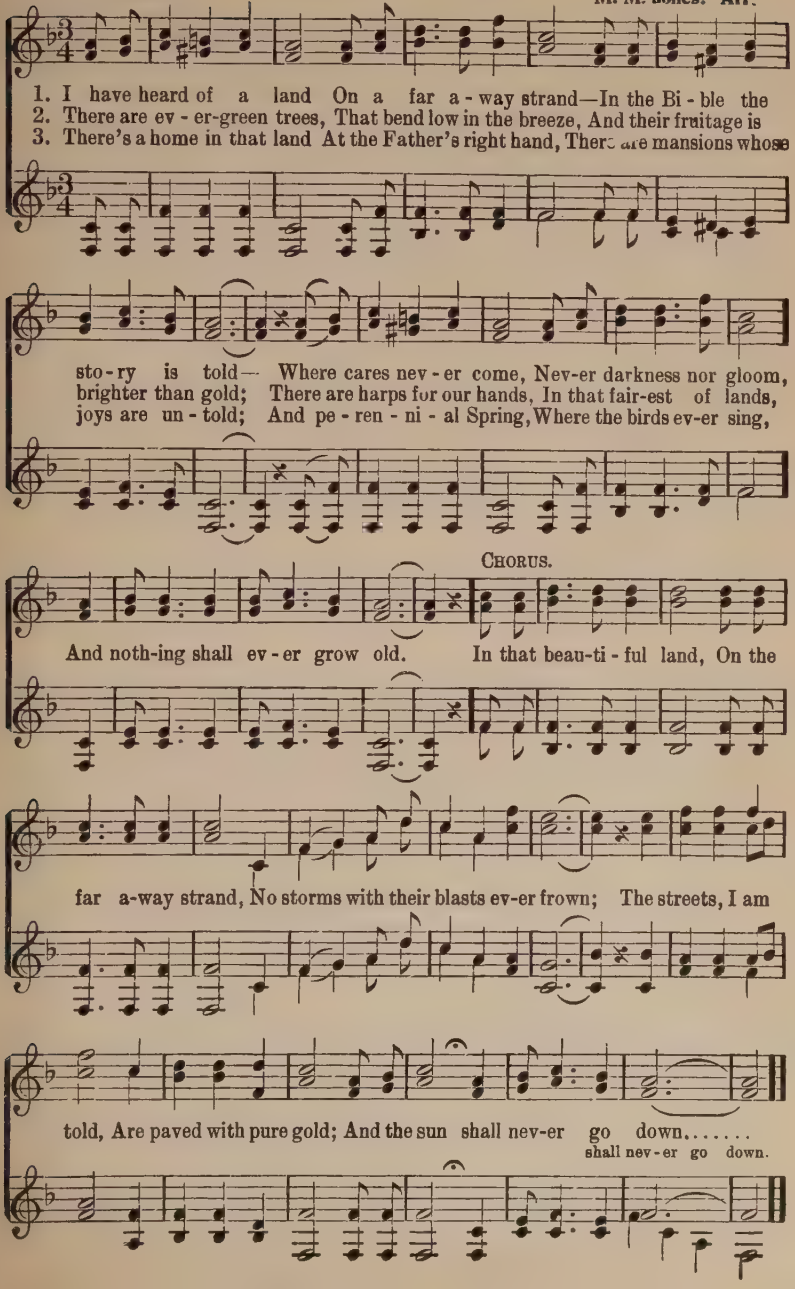
Miss Adelaide Gail Frost.



No. 31. That Beautiful Land.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1901, W. E. M HACKLEMAN.

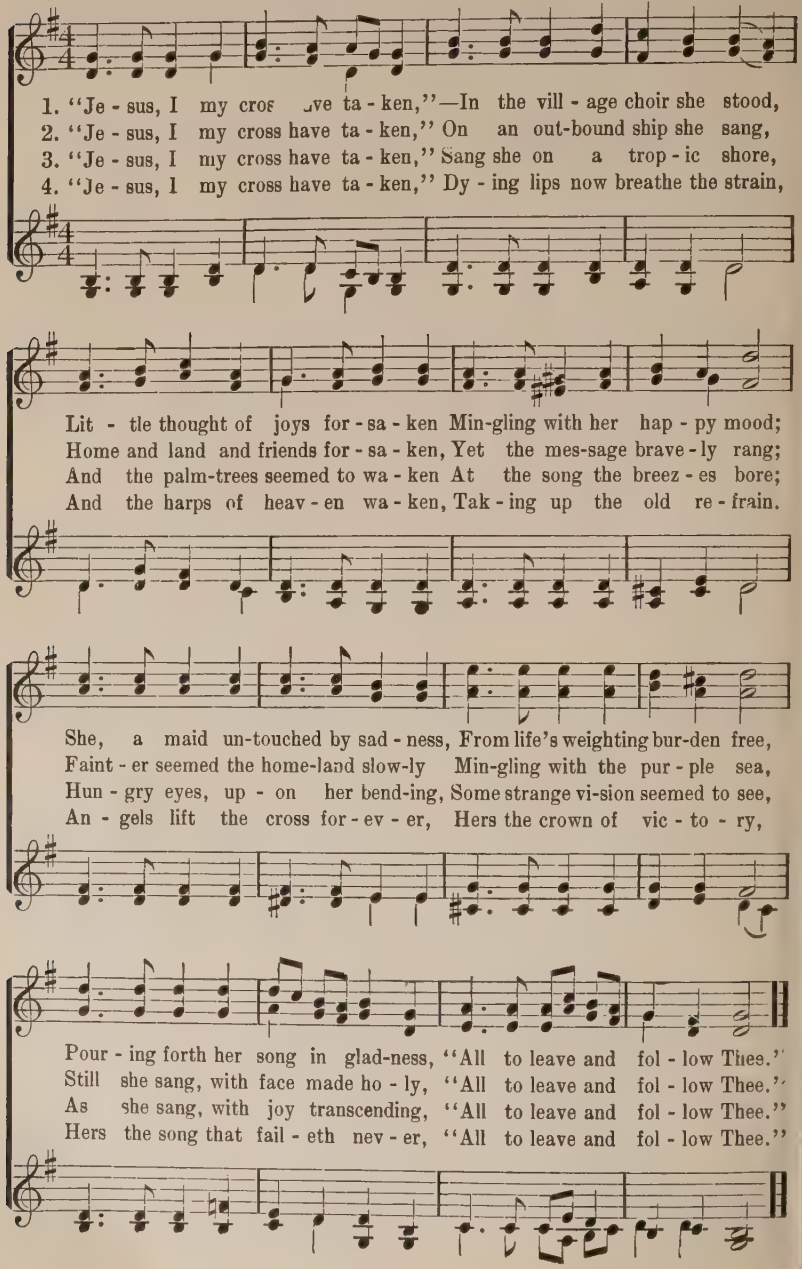
F. A. F. White. M. M. Jones. Art.



No. 32. "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken."

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Jessie Brown Pounds. W. E. M. Hackleman.



No. 33. Silently Bury the Dead.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. C. E. LESLIE. FROM "MEMORIAL OFFERINGS."

Jerome McCauley. C. E. Leslie. Arr. by Pearl C. Hackleman.

Slowly, with expression.

p *pp* *p*

1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, they pass a - way, Si - lent - ly,
2. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, sweet is their sleep, Si - lent - ly,
3. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, bur - y the dead, Si - lent - ly,
4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, lay them to rest, Si - lent - ly,

pp

si - lent - ly, short is their stay; From earth to heav - en they've
si - lent - ly, for them we weep; O how we mourn, and how
si - lent - ly, their soul has fled, Up to our heav - en - ly
si - lent - ly, God thought it best; From earth to heav - en their

cres. *cres.*

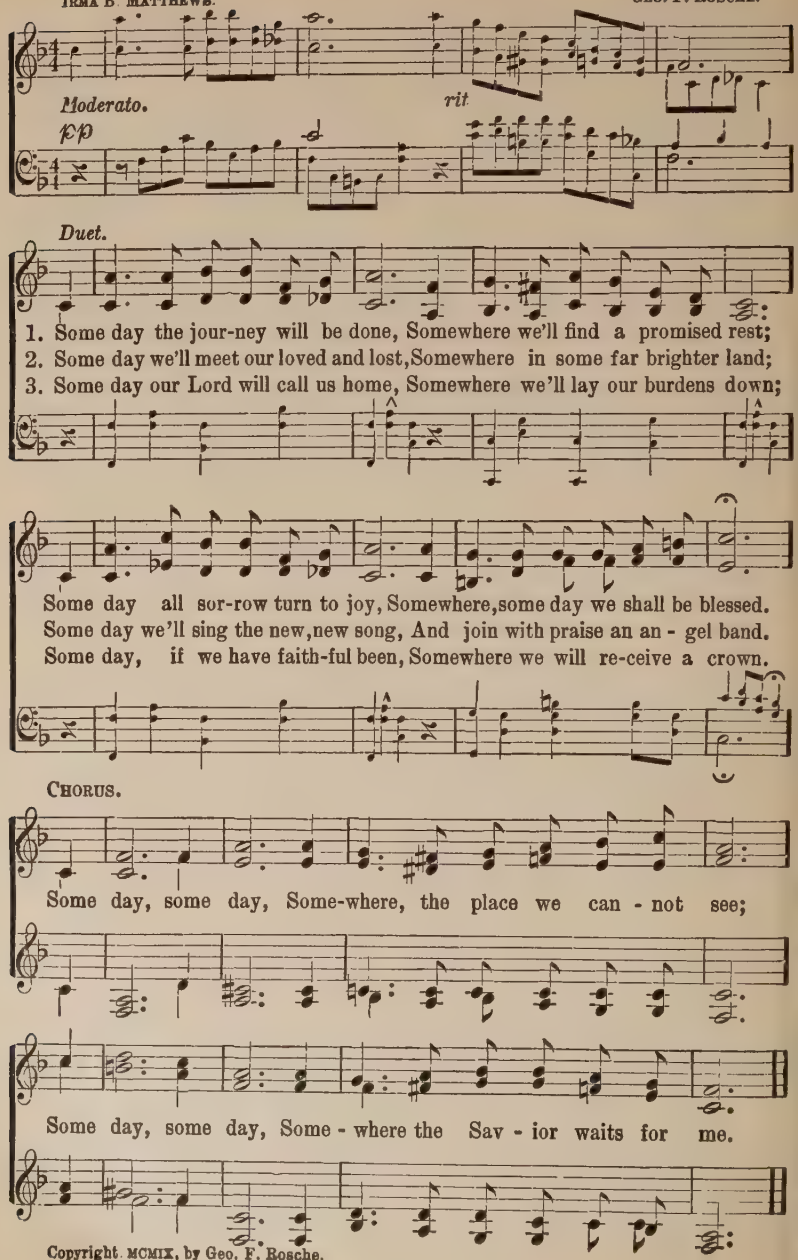
ta - ken their flight, Far from all sor-row and pain, and the night, To their
sad are our hearts, When from the bod - y the spir - it de - parts, But 'tis
Fa-ther who gave, And thro' His great lov-ing-kind-ness will save: For 'tis
Sav - ior to meet, And all the sanc - ti - fied an - gels to greet: So 'tis

p dim. *pp rit.*

Sav - ior who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.
Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.
Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.
Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.

No. 34. Some Day, Somewhere.

To my friend, John G. Quinius, Dayton, Ohio.



Copyright. MCMIX, by Geo. F. Rosche.

No. 35. Songs of Triumph.

Rev. Wm. Appel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Songs of tri-umph let us sing, Songs of tri - umph to our King;
2. Hail the ar - my of the Lord, Trust-ing in the Spirit's sword;
3. On-ward still with shout and song, On-ward, on - ward, mighty throng;

En - e-mies be - fore Him fall, He is vic - tor o - ver all.
Tho' the gates of hell as-sail, Sure-ly they shall not pre - vail.
Nev-er fal - ter, nev-er fear, For the Lord of hosts is near.

Chorus.

Songs of tri - umph, songs of tri - umph, Songs of
Songs of tri - umph, songs of tri - umph,

tri - umph let us sing; Songs of tri - umph, songs of
Songs of tri - umph let us sing; Songs of tri - umph,

tri - umph, Songs of tri - umph to our King.
songs of tri - umph, Songs of tri - umph to our King.

Copyright, 1895, by Geo. F. Rusche. All rights reserved.

No. 36. O Heroes Brave.

LAURA E. NEWELL. (DECORATION DAY.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A na - tion's he-roes clam-ly sleep; No war, no strife shall wak - en
2. O sol - dier boys, God on - ly knew The hearts' sad des - o - la - tion,
3. A trib - ute fair we of - fer you, Love's to-ken, free - ly giv - en';

No war, no strife

The sol-dier boys who fought and fell, With faith in God un - shaken;
When you, Co-lumbia's val-iant sons, Went forth to save the na-tion.
Here on the graves our blossoms lie, Kissed by the dews of heav-en.

With faith in God

CHORUS.

O he - roes brave, up - on each grave..... Our

O he - roes up - on each grave

gar - lands fair are gleam - ing, With tears for you who calm - ly

Our gar - lands

rest..... A - part life's fit - ful dream - ing.

who calm - ly rest A - part

Copyright, MCMI, by Geo. F. Rosche.

No. 37. Arouse Ye!

H. L. H. (Temperance) Harry L. Brooks.

1. A - rouse ye! a - rouse ye! while yet it is day; The foe is be-
2. A - rouse ye! a - rouse ye! the Lord is your might; And He will pre-

fore us in bat - tle ar - ray. A - loft hold the ban - ner, and
serve you thro' dark-ness and light. Swift gird on the ar - mor, go

press to the fight, De - pend-ing on God who will stand by the right.
forth to the fight, For strong is your Lead - er, He'll stand by the right.

Chorus.

Then rouse ye in might! Go forth to the
Then rouse ye! rouse ye! rouse ye in might! Go forth ye sol - diers of

fight, For God and for temp'rance we will stand for the right.
Christ, to the fight!

Used by permission of the author.

No. 38.

Were You There?

COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY W E M HACKLEMAN.

Fisk. Arr. by Pearl C. Hackleman.

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? yes, cru - ci - fied my Lord?
3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? yes, nailed Him to the cross?
4. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? yes, pierced Him in the side? yes, laid Him in the tomb?

rit.

Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? yes, nailed Him to the cross?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? yes, pierced Him in the side? yes, laid Him in the tomb?

f m p m

Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,

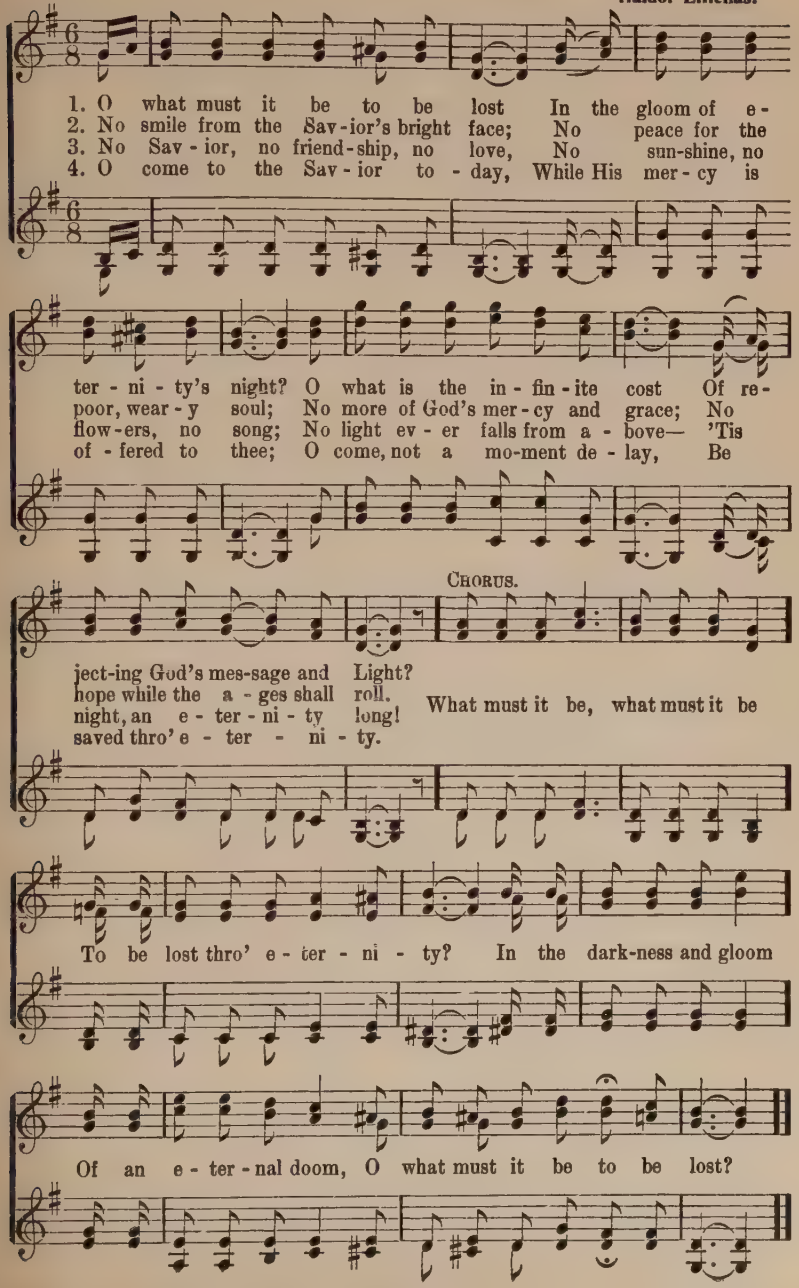
f p

trem - ble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
trem - ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?
trem - ble, Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
trem - ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

No. 39. O What Must It Be to Be Lost?

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.



No. 40. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know His prom - ise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks, ...
3. I know my man - sion He pre - par - eth, That where He is.....

And on the earth

a - gain shall stand; I know e - ter - nal life He
it can not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as-
there I may be; O won-drous tho't, for me He

a - gain shall stand;

giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
sail - eth, Yet I shall see..... Him by and by.
car - eth, And He at last..... will come for me.

That grace and pow'r

CHORUS.

I know, I know that Je - sus liv - eth,

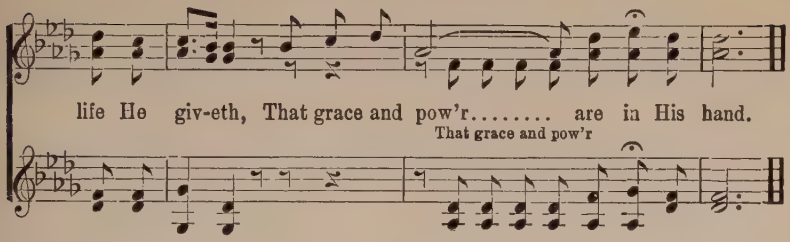
I know, I know..... that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the

And on the earth a-gain shall srand; I know, I know,..... that

earth . . . . . a - gain shall stand; I know, I know that

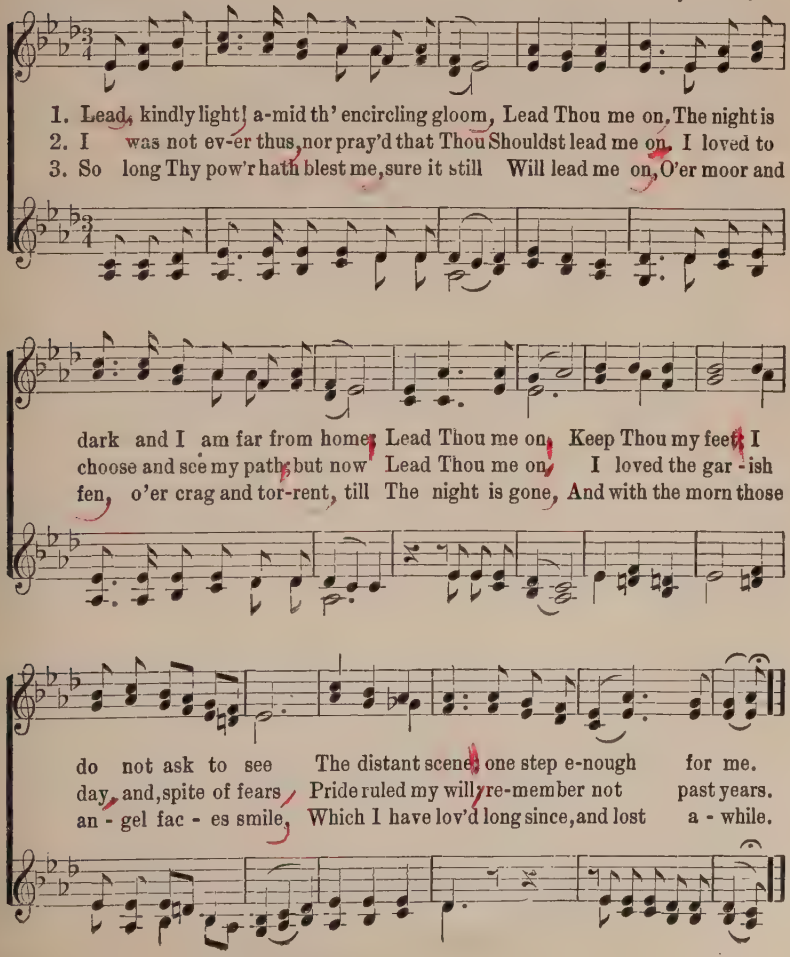
Copyright, 1893, by Fillmore Bros.

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.



No. 41. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. Arr. by C. H. G.



No. 42. The Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. When I sur - vey..... the wondrous cross..... On which the
2. See, from His head,..... His hands, His feet,..... .... Sor-row and

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross

Prince..... of glo-ry died,..... .... My richest gain.....
love..... flow mingled down:..... Did e'er such love.....

On which the Prince, the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich-est gain
Sor - row and love, and love flow mingled down:

I count but loss,..... And pour contempt..... on all my pride.
and sor-row meet,.....Or thorns com-pose..... so rich a crown.

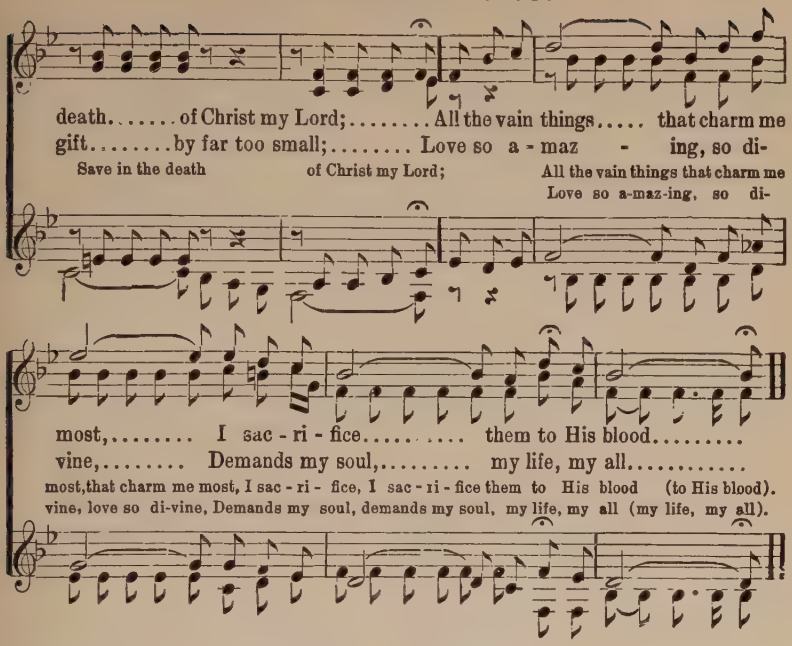
I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

For-bid it, Lord,..... that I should boast,..... Save in the
Were the whole realm..... of na-ture mine,..... That were a

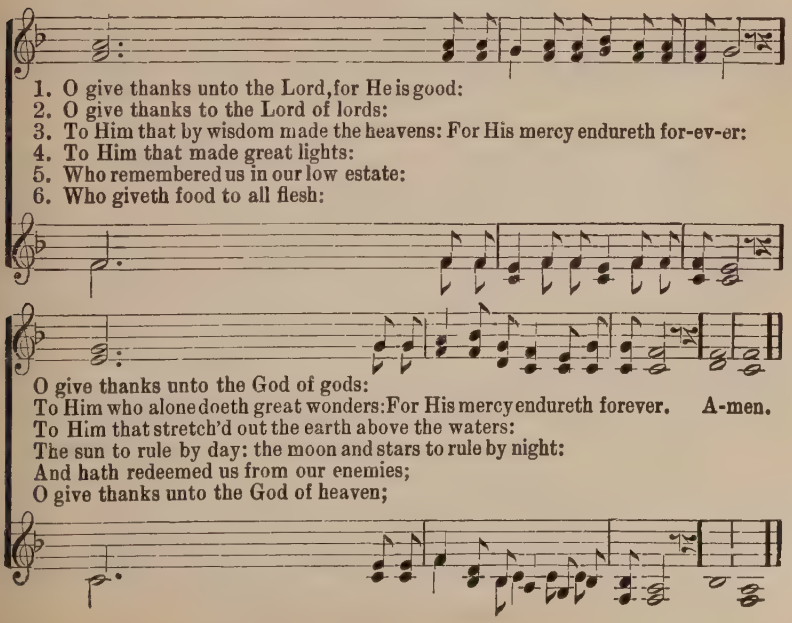
For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast,

Copyright, MCMIV. by W. E. M. Hackleman.

The Wondrous Cross.



No. 43. His Mercy Endureth.



No. 44. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur - dens a - lone; in my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com- pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him He will de - liv - er,
3. Tempt-ed and tried, I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

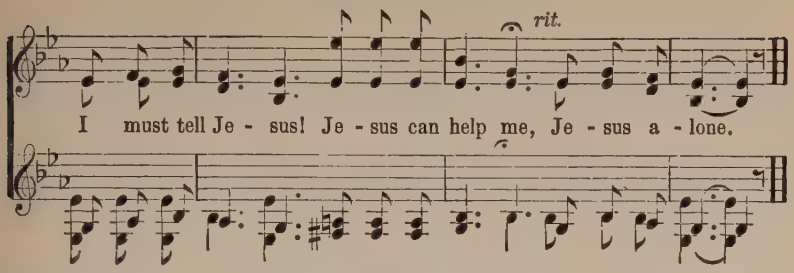
Chorus.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus!

Copyright, MDCCCXCVIII, by The Hoffman Music Co. Used by per.

I Must Tell Jesus.



No. 45. Thy Will Be Done.

C. Elliott, Alt. I. V. Flagler.

1. My God, my Fa - ther! while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still, and mur - mur not, But breathe the pray'r di - vine - ly taught: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
3. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine, and take a - way, All now that makes it hard to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
4. Then when on earth I breathe no more, The prayer oft mixed with tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

By per. of Flood & Vincent, owners of copyright.

No. 46. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Duet.

1. Dear to the henrt of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;"
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still;"

Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hun-gry and help-less and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wan-der'd Out in the des-ert to pine.
Lord, we will an-swer Thee glad-ly, "Yes, blessed Mas-ter, we will!

Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are His "oth-er" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seek-ing the lambs that are lost,
Hark! He is ear-nest-ly call-ing, Ten-der - ly plead-ing to - day;
Make us Thy true un-der - shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;

O - ver the mountains He fol-lows, O - ver the wa-ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi - nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shel-ter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seek-ing Thy wan-der-ing sheep."

Copyright, MDCCCXCIX, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

CHORUS. *poco rit.*

Out in the des - ert they wan - der, Hun-gry and help-less and cold;

f *tempo.*

Off to the res-cue He hast - ens, Bring-ing them back to the fold.
(*4th verse.*) we'll hast - en,

No. 47. Silently the Shades of Evening.

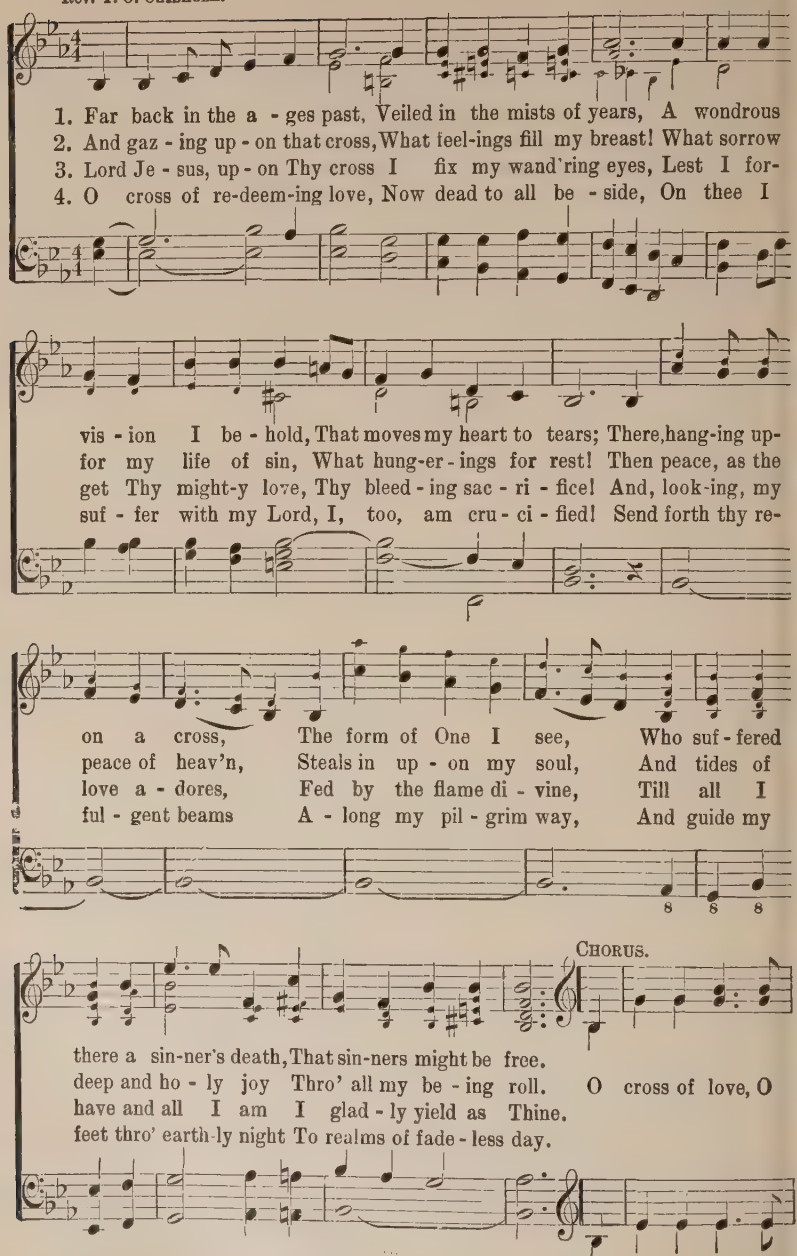
D. E. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of ev - 'ning Gath-er 'round my low - ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly mem-'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fóre me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone - ly! In our hearts they per-ish not.
They, un-linked with earth-ly troub-le; We, still hop-ing for its end.
Point-ing up to that far ha - ven We may hope to gain at last.

No. 48. O Cross of Love.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Copyright, MCMVI, by Chas. H. Gabriel. W. E. M. Hackleman, owner.

O Gross of Love.

cross of pain, My glo - ry and my pleal Up - on thy arms ex-

tend - ed wide, Christ Je-sus died for me, Christ Je-sus died for me.

No. 49. All Hail the Power.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 50. Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the Home-land shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic - es from the Home-land shore fainter grow as they im-plore, You are

drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, You are drift-ing with the tide to the
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, will your
drift-ing, slow ly drifting, drifting down, O, my brother, do not wait! heed them

f

o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift-ed down.

CHORUS.

rit. *tempo.*

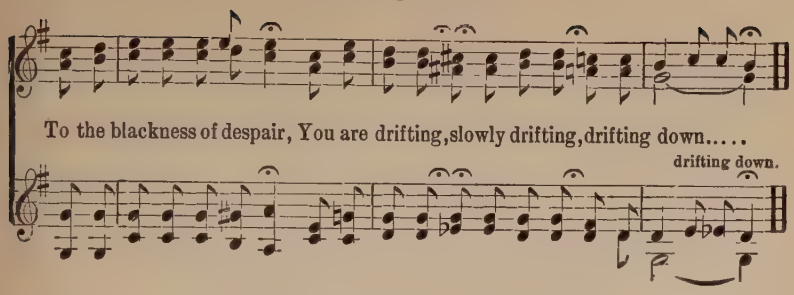
You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down, To the
You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift - ing, you are slow - ly drift - ing down,

rit. *tempo.*

dark and aw-ful sea, You are drift - ing down, From a loving Father's care,
drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing,

Copyright, MDCCCXCVIII, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Drifting Down.



No. 51. More Holiness Give Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Trio.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ings with - in; More pa-
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride
3. More pur - i - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-

tience in suf-f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior
in His glo - ry, More hope in His Word; More tears for His sor-rows,
dom from earth-stains, More longings for home; More fit for the king dom,

rit.

More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More pur-pose in pray'r.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Sav-ior, like thee.

Used by per. John Church Co., owners of copyright.

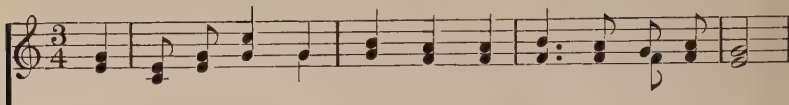
No. 52.

He Is Mine.

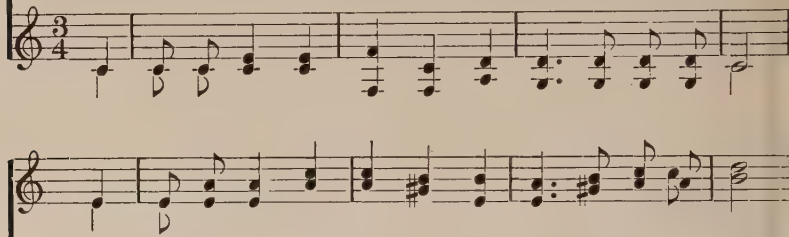
Dedicated to C. H. Hohgatt.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

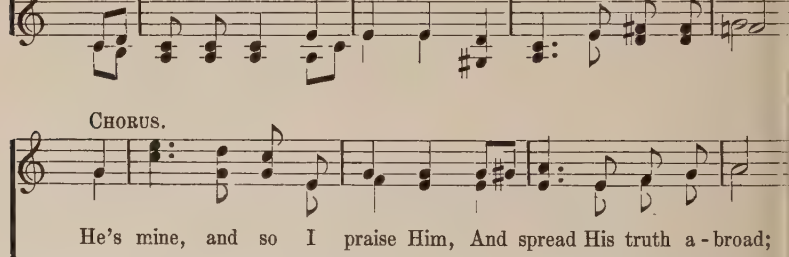
James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.



1. My trust is in my Sav - ior, I share His grace di - vine;
2. For years His love I slight - ed, Went far in sin and shame;
3. He came to earth and sought me, He set my poor soul free:
4. Will you not come ac - cept Him, Your all to Him re - sign,

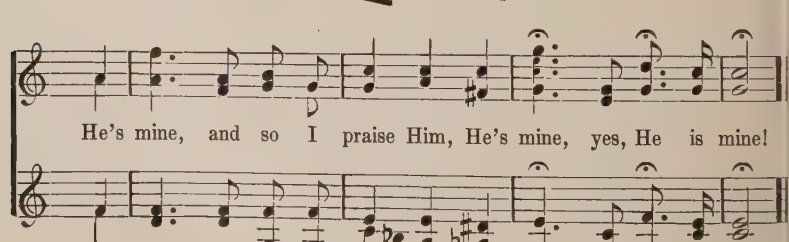


Be - liev - ing in His prom - ise, I know that He is mine!
But now I have for - give - ness, O praise His glo-rious name!
Some day I'll go to heav - en, With Him to ev - er be!
That you may have the full - ness Of peace that now is mine?



CHORUS.

He's mine, and so I praise Him, And spread His truth a - broad;



He's mine, and so I praise Him, He's mine, yes, He is mine!

No. 53. "Others."

Chas. D. Meigs.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1907 BY CHAS. D. MEIGS.
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Lord, help me live from day to day, In such a self-for-get-ful way,
2. Help me in all the work I do, To ev - er be sin-cere and true,
3. Let "Self" be cru - ci - fied and slain, And bur - ied deep, nor rise a - gain;
4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in heav'n's begun,

That e - ven when I kneel to pray, My prayer shall be (My prayer shall be) for
And know that all I'd do for you, Must needs be done (Must needs be done) for
And may all ef - forts be in vain, Un - less they be (Un-less they be) for
May I for - get the crown I've won, While thinking still (While thinking still) of

CHORUS.

OTH-ERS. Yes, oth - ers, Lord, yes, others, Let this my mot-to be;

cres - - - - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - - - -

Help me to live for oth - ers, Help me to live for oth - ers,

- - *do.* - - - - - *f* *p*

That I may live *like* Thee, That I may live (That I may live) *like* Thee.

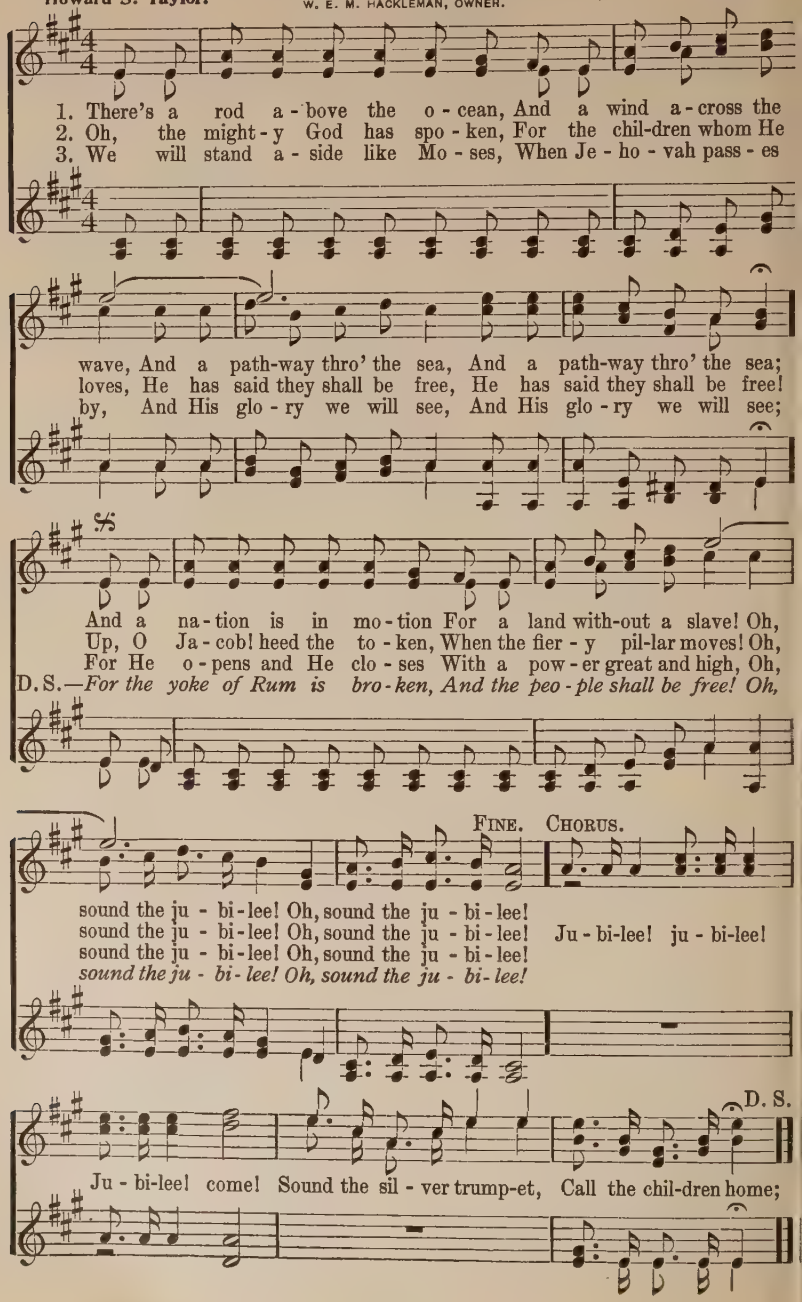
Jan. 1, 1907, Gen. Ballington Booth dispatched this one word "Others" to all the Salvation Army Posts of the world. Mr. Meigs, catching the spirit of the message, couched it in this well-known poem.

No. 54. Oh, Sound the Jubilee.

Howard S. Taylor.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY TAYLOR & HERBERT. RENEWAL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

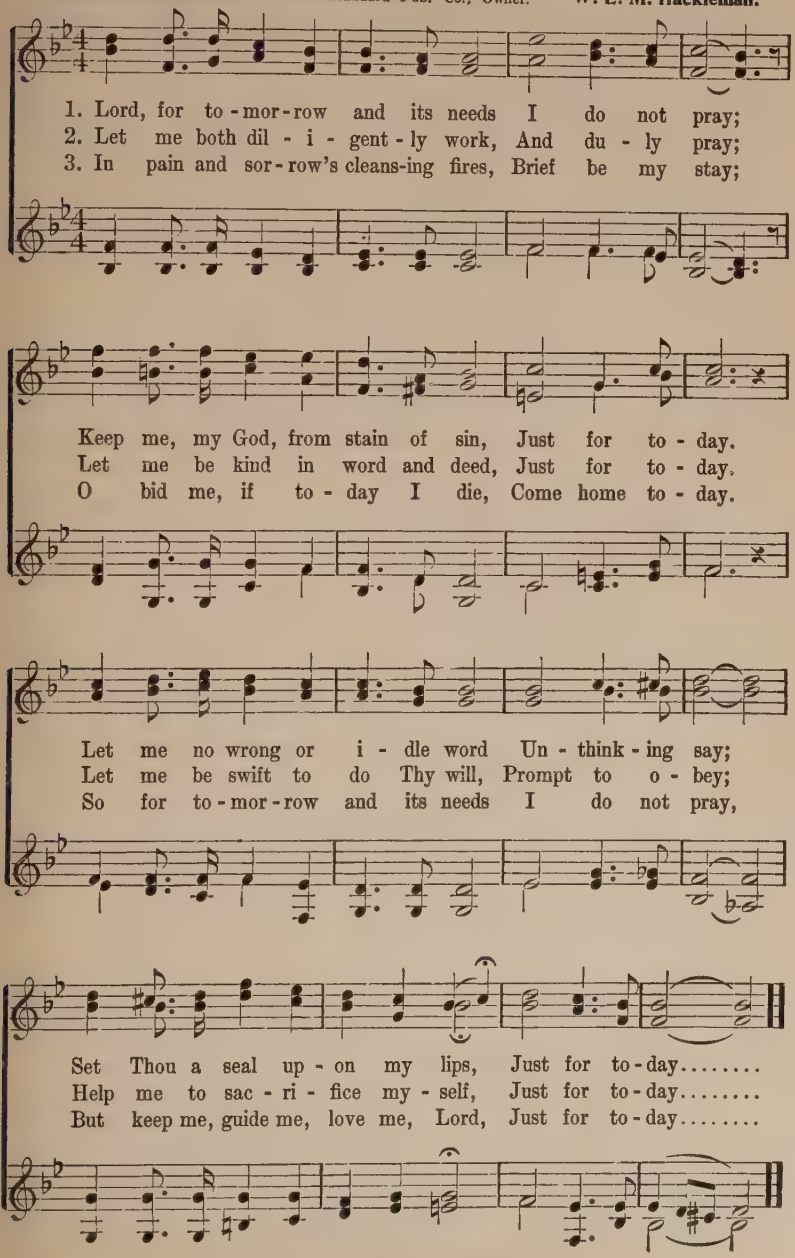
Dr. J. B. Herbert.



Just for To-day.

ARR. WORDS & MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

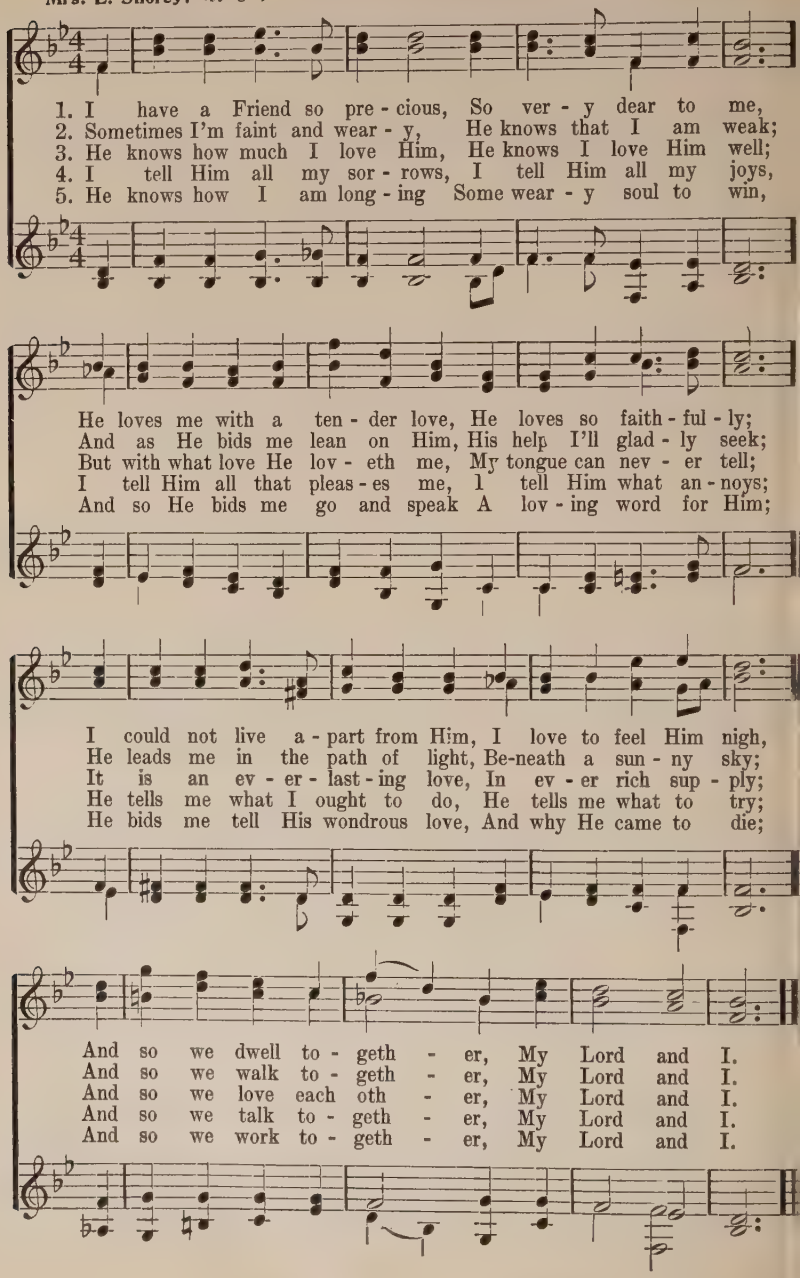
Bishop Wilberforce. The Standard Pub. Co., Owner. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**



No. 56. My Lord and I.

Dedicated to Wallace Tuttle.

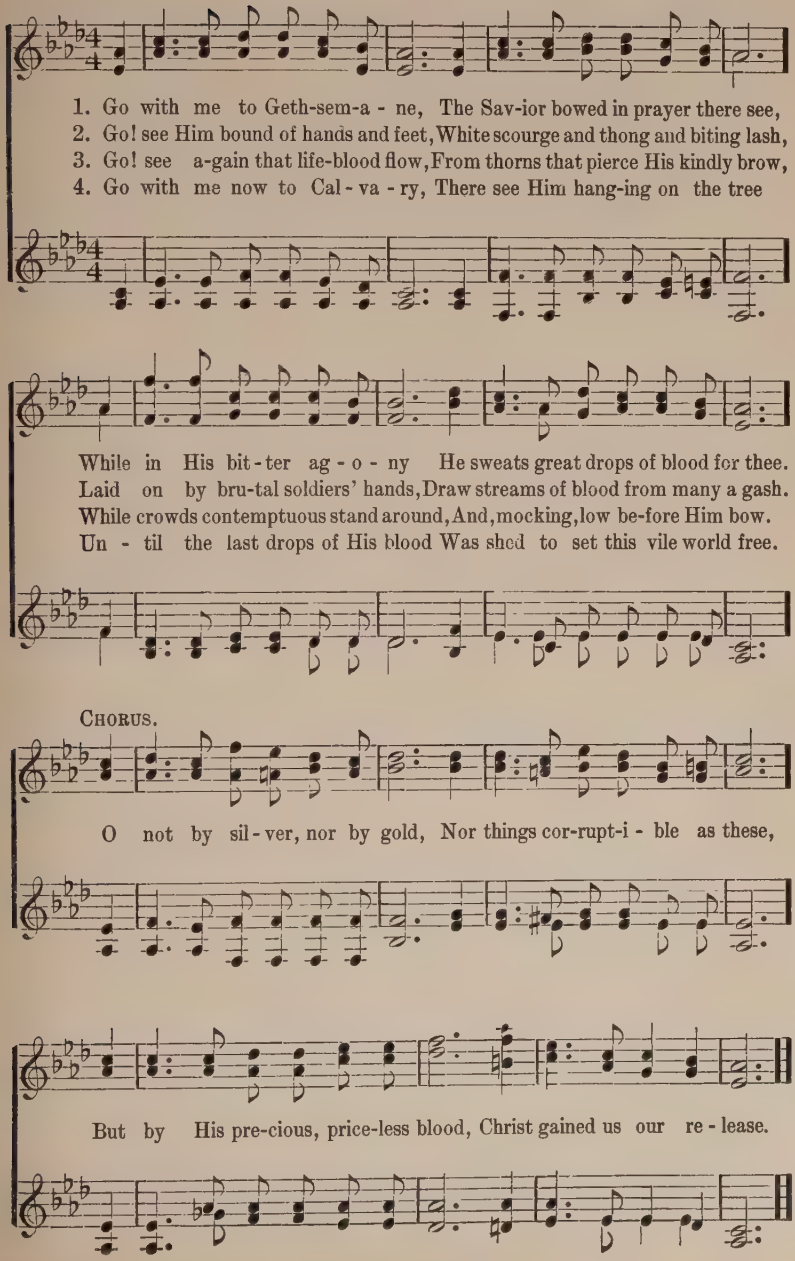
Mrs. L. Shorey. Copyright, 1915. The Standard Pub. Co., Owner. W. E. M. Hackleman.



No. 57. Redeemed By His Blood.

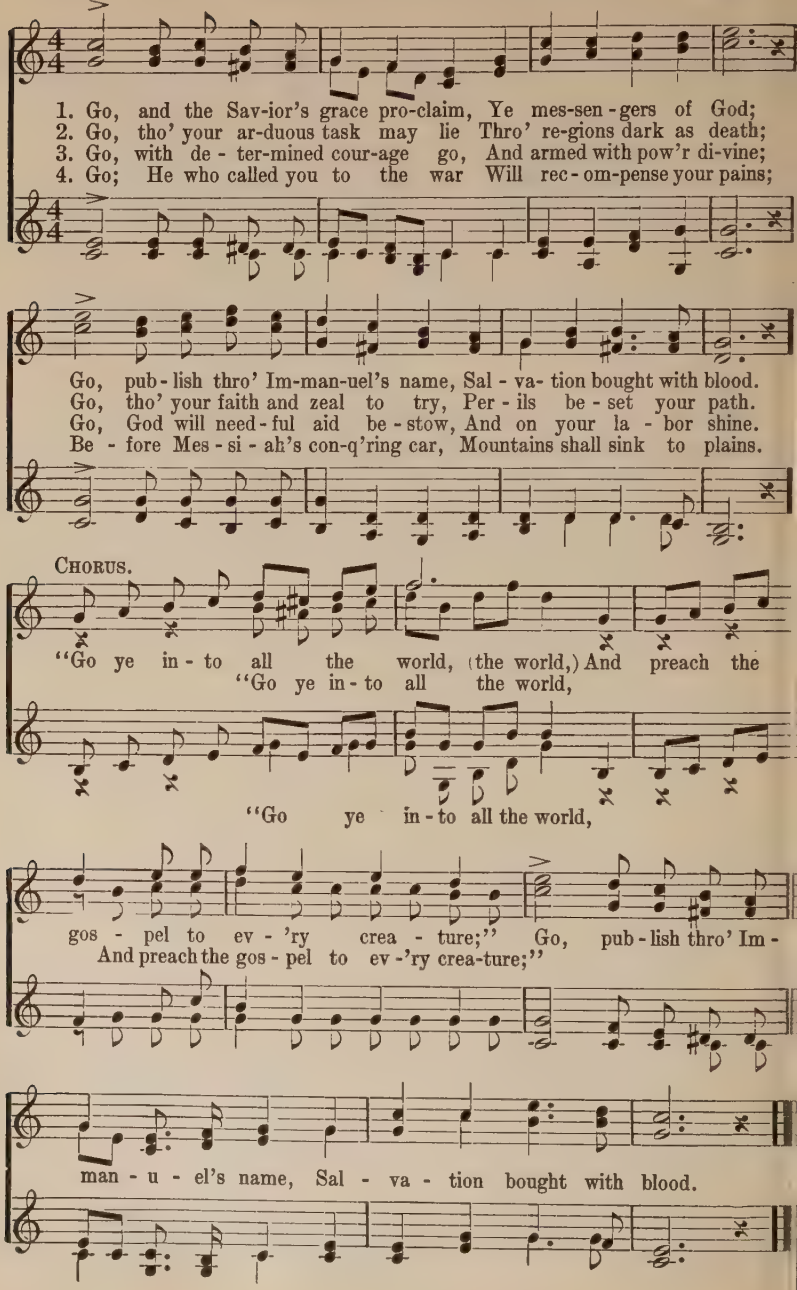
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

C. M. F. C. M. Fillmore.



No. 58. Go Ye Into All the World.

Thomas Morell. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Frederick A. Fillmore.

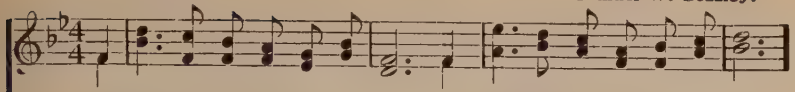


No. 59.

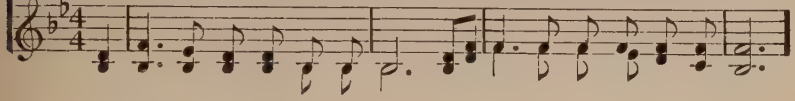
In Beulah Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

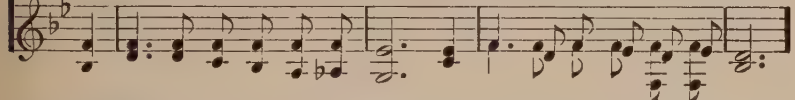
N. A. McAulay. Samuel W. Beazley.



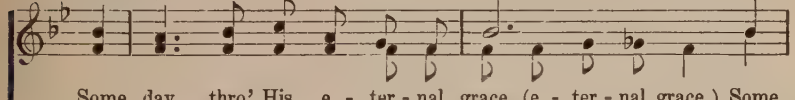
1. Some day my cross will dis - ap-pear, Some day my heart will know no fear,
2. Some day my tears will pass a - way, Some day His arms will be my stay,
3. Some day the shad-ows will be past, Some day His love will hold me fast,
4. Some day my joys will be complete, Some day the ran-somed I shall greet,



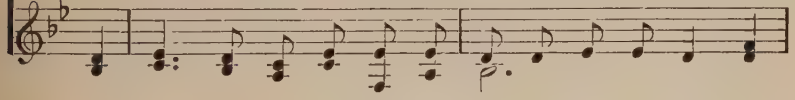
Some day my vi - sion will be clear, When I shall dwell in Beu-lah Land.
Some day I'll know the glo-ry - way, When I shall dwell in Beu-lah Land.
Some day my heav'nly joys will last, When I shall dwell in Beu-lah Land.
Some day my Sav - ior I shall meet, When I shall dwell in Beu-lah Land.



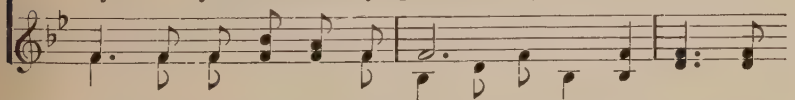
CHORUS.



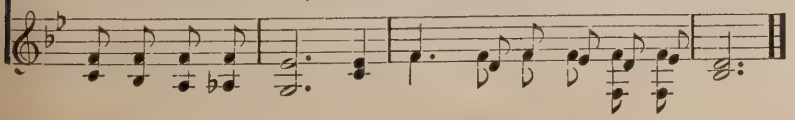
Some day thro' His e - ter - nal grace, (e - ter - nal grace,) Some



day in yon - der heav'n-ly place, (heav'nly place,) Some day I'll



see His bless-ed face, When I shall dwell in Beu - lah Land.



No. 60. Beyond To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Jerome McCauley. J. M. Dungan.

1. If we could see be-yond to - day, As God can see, As God can see,
2. If we could know be-yond to - day, As God doth know, As God doth know,
3. "If we could see, if we could know," We oft-en say, We oft - en say;

1. God can see, God can see,

If all the clouds should roll a-way, The shadows flee, The shad - ows flee;—
Why dearest treasures pass a - way, And tears must flow, And tears must flow;
But God, in love, a veil doth throw A-cross our way, A - cross our way;

Shadows flee,

O'er pres-ent griefs we would not fret, Each sorrow we would soon for-get; For man-y
And why the darkness leads to light, Why dreary paths will soon grow bright; Some day life'
We can - not see what lies be - fore, And so we cling to Him the more; He leads us

joys are wait-ing yet, For you and me, For you and me.
wrongs will be made right, Faith tells us so, Faith tells us so.
till this life is o'er; Trust and o - bey, Trust and o - bey.

You and me,

No. 61. Some Day You Will Know Why.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

N. A. McAulay. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Al-though you can-not al-ways tell Why clouds ob-scure your sky,
2. The cares of life may grieve your heart And oft-en make you sigh;
3. Up-on your Fa-ther's ten-der care You al-ways can re-ly;
4. Ac-cept His ways, whate'er they be, His love can nev-er die;

God will those shad-ows yet dis-pel,—Some day you will know why.
Press on in faith and do your part!—Some day you will know why.
Then glad-ly choose your cross to bear,—Some day you will know why.
If here His plans you fail to see,—Some day you will know why.

CHORUS.

Lean thou up-on the Sav-ior's arm, (the Sav-ior's arm,) He
Lean thou up-on, up-on the Sav-ior's arm,
lives for you on high; Tho' God per-mits what seems to
He lives for you on high;
Tho' God per-mits, per-
harm, (what seems to harm,) Some day you will know why. (you will know why.)
mits, what seems to harm,

No. 62. Did You Think to Pray?

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. O. Perkins.

1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When you meet with great temp - ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it
Did you plead for grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an - oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor - row,

CHORUS.

As a shield to - day?
As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wear - y! Prayer wi
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

change the night to day; So when life seems dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

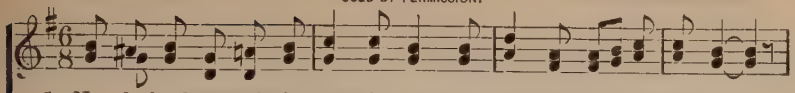
No. 63.

Mother Knows.

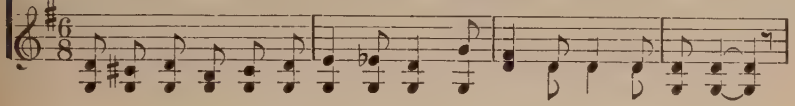
Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY FLORA H. CASSEL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

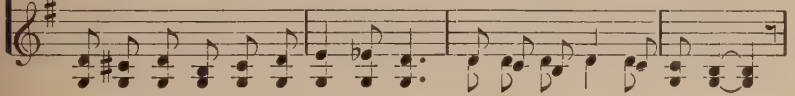
Flora Hamilton Cassel.



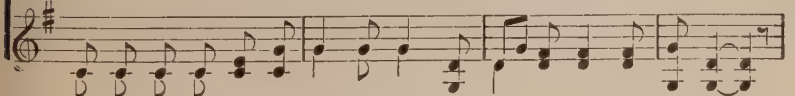
1. No - bod-y knows of the work it makes To keep the home to - geth-er,
2. No - bod-y knows of the sleep-less care Bestowed on ba - by broth-er,
3. No - bod-y knows of the anx-ious fears Lest dar-lings may not weath-er
4. No - bod-y clings to the way-ward child, Tho' scorned by ev-'ry oth - er,



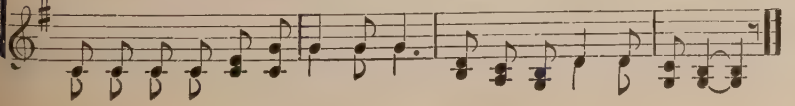
No - bod - y knows of the steps it takes, No-bod - y knows but moth-er;
No - bod - y knows of the ten-der prayer, No-bod - y knows but moth-er;
Storms of this life in the com-ing years, No-bod - y knows but moth-er;
Leads it so gen - tly from pathways wild, No-bod - y can but moth-er;



No-bod - y lis - tens to child-ish woes, Which kiss - es on - ly smoth-er,
No-bod - y knows of the les-sons taught, Of lov - ing one an - oth - er;
No-bod - y knows of the tears that start, The grief she'll glad-ly smoth-er,
No-bod - y knows of the hour - ly prayer For him, our er - ring broth-er,



No - bod-y's pained by the mighty blow, No-bod - y,—on - ly moth-er.
No - bod-y knows of the patience sought, No-bod - y,—on - ly moth-er.
No - bod-y knows of the breaking heart, No-bod - y,—on - ly moth-er.
Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair, No-bod - y,—on - ly moth-er.



No. 64. Why Will You Go Away To-night?

I. N. McHose.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Un-saved and re - ject - ing the Lord? Why grope in the dark - ness, re - fus - ing the light, No hope of a bless - ed re - ward?
2. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Not heed-ing the Spir - it's sweet call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come, There's room and a wel - come for all.
3. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deep-est gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for - sake thee in flight, And leave you to com - fort - less doom.
4. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, You're hard'ning your heart by de- lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav - en so bright; Oh, why are you go - ing a - way?

CHORUS.

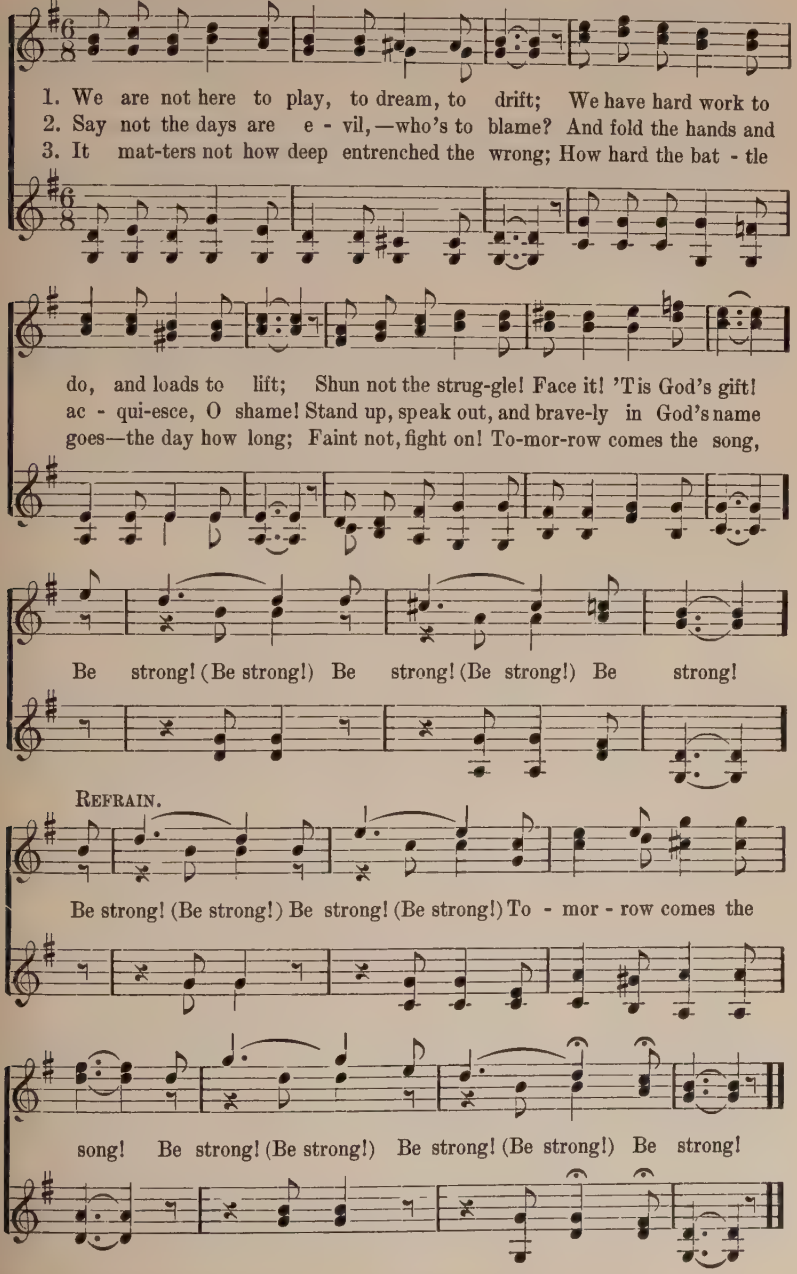
You're go - ing a - way un- saved! .... You're go - ing a - way un - saved, ... While par-don is free, Dear sin - ner, for thee, You're go - ing a - way un - saved .....

un-saved! un - saved, un-saved.

No. 65. Be Strong.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

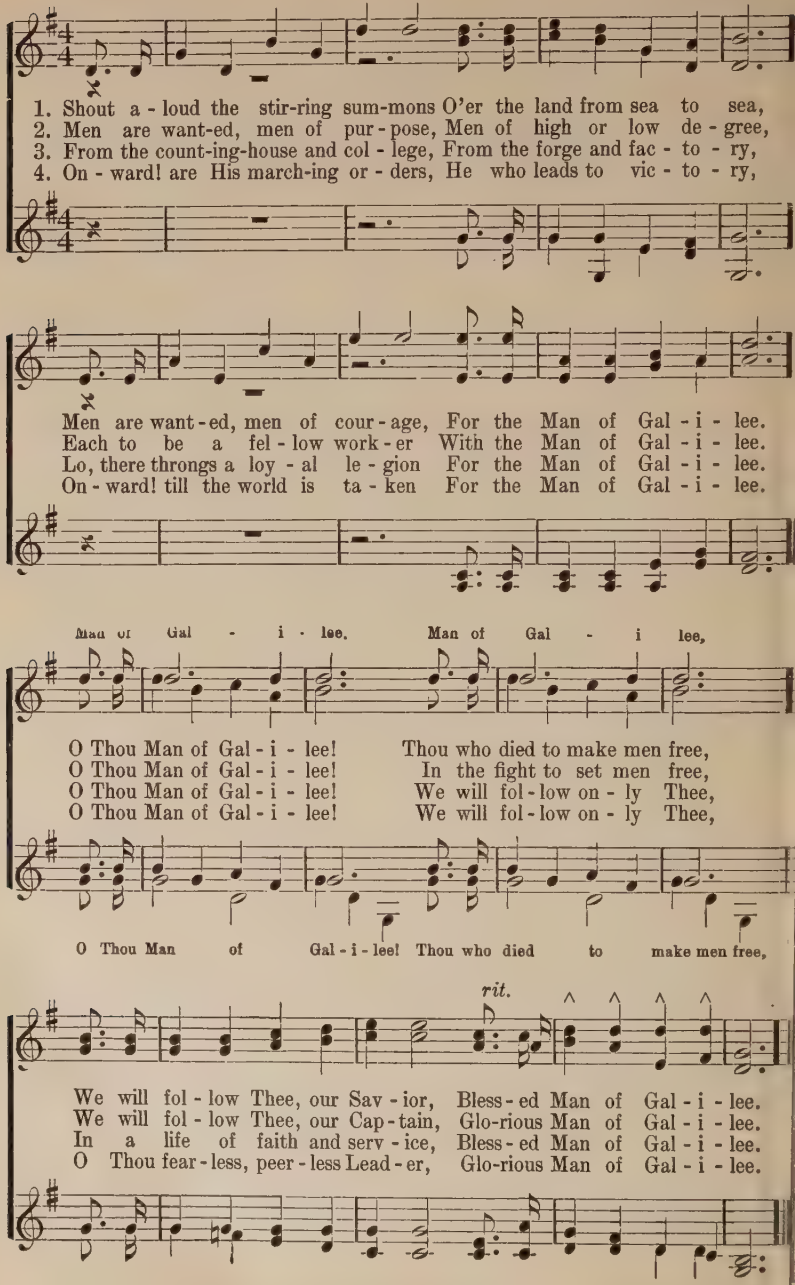
Maltbie Davenport Babcock. W. E. M. Hackleman.



No. 66. Men For the Man of Galilee.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

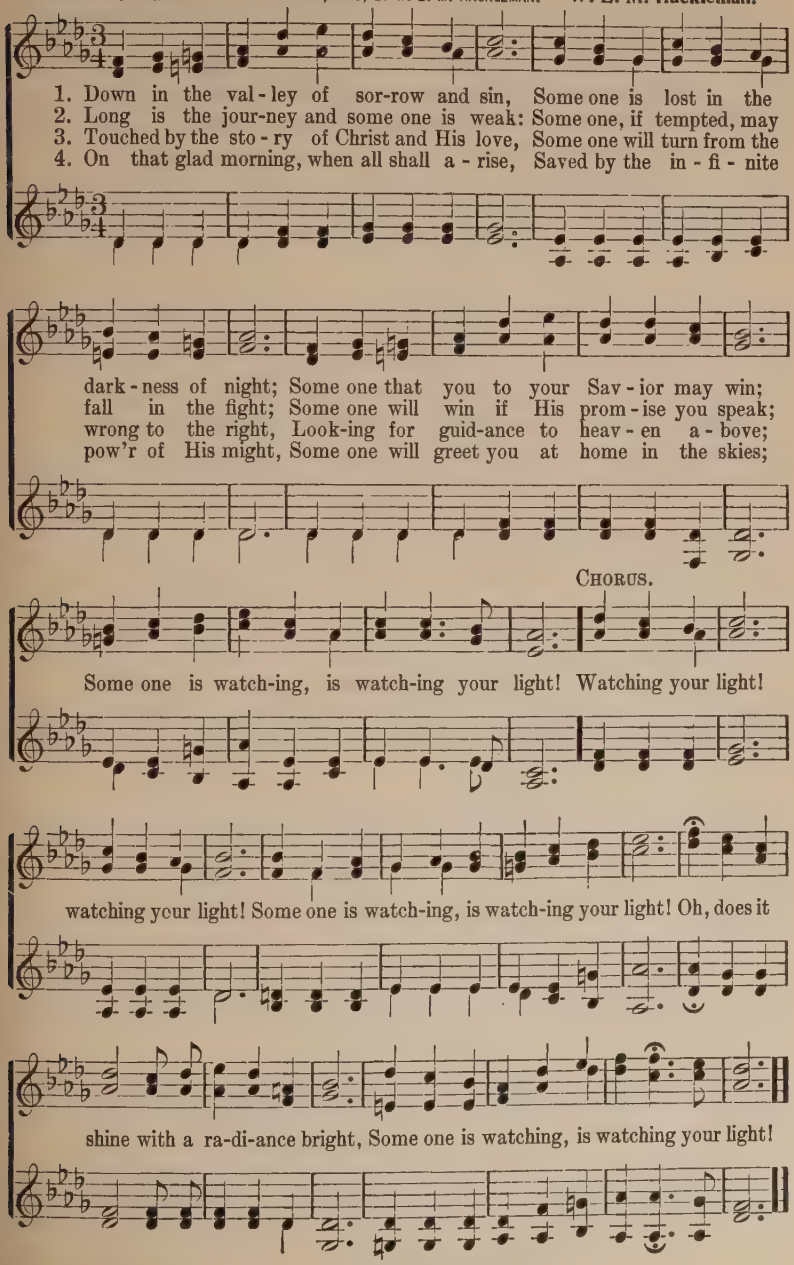
S. J. Duncan Clark. W. E. M. Hackleman.



No. 67. Some One is Watching Your Light.

Dedicated to Frank McDonald.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**



No. 68. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

From Donizetti.

1. O my soul, bless Thou Je-ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav - en,

bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,

fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

No. 69. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

George Matheson. W. E. M. Hackleman.

p

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, ... I
2. O Light that fol - l'west all my way, ... I
3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, ... I
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, ... I

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I

rest my wear - y soul in Thee; I
yield my flick - 'ring torch to Thee; ..... My
can - not close my heart to Thee; I
dare not ask to hide from Thee: I

rest my wear - y soul in Thee, I

m

give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its
heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its
trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not
lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms

f *m* *p*

flow May rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
day May bright-er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
vain That morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
red Life that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

No. 70. The Palms.

Jean-Baptiste Faure.
Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Andante maestoso.

f

1st and 2d time | *Last time*

Unison.

p cres.

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos-soms gay Are strewn this
2. His word goes forth, and peo-ple by its might Once more their
3. Sing and re-joice, O blest Je-ru - sa - lem, Of all thy

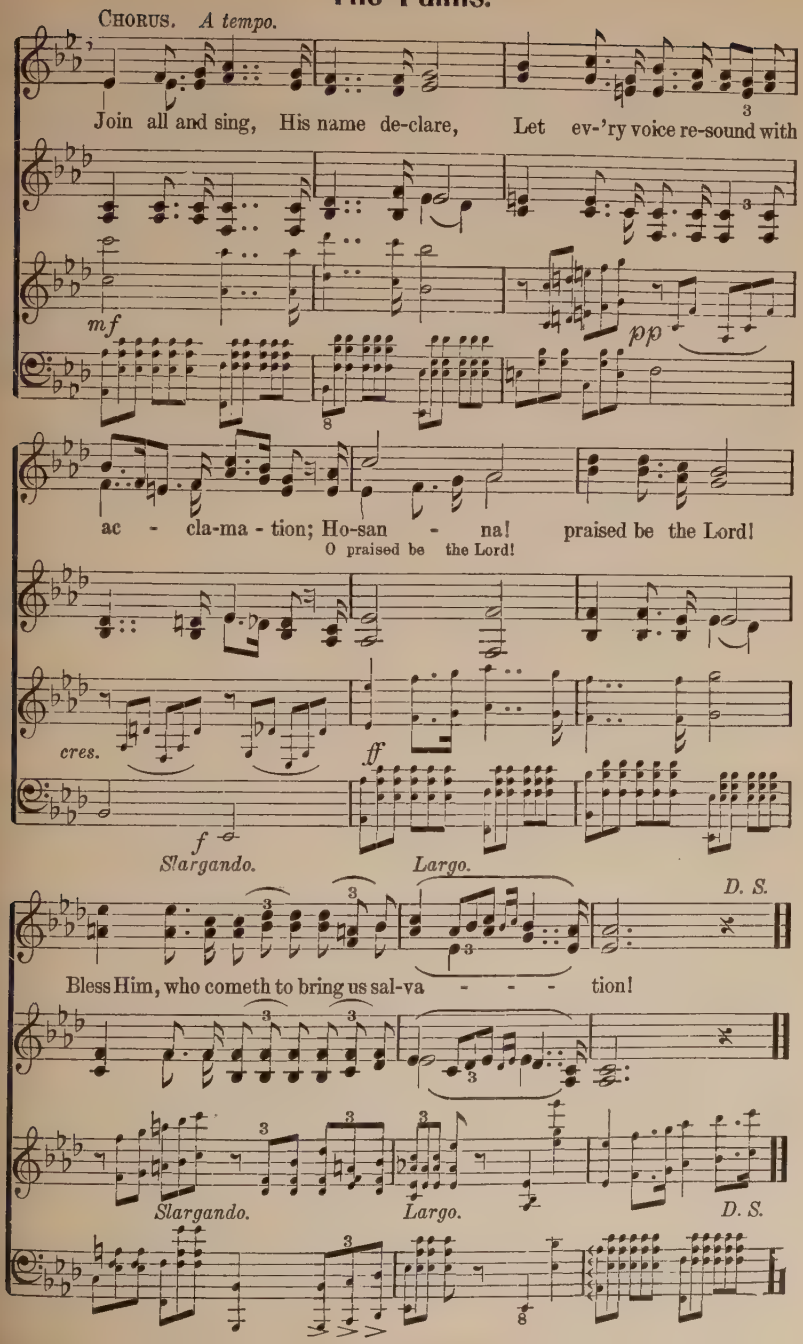
ff

day in fes - tal prep - a - ra - tion, Where Je-sus comes, to wipe our
free-dom gain from deg - ra-da - tion, Hu - man - i - ty doth give to
sons sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion, Thro' boundless love, the Christ c

rall.

tears a - way, E'en now the throng to welcome Him pre-pare.
each his right, While those in darkness find re-stored the light.
Beth-le - hem Brings faith and hope to thee for-ev - er-more.

The Palms.


CHORUS. A tempo.
Join all and sing, His name de-clare, Let ev-'ry voice re-sound with
mf
pp
ac - cla-ma - tion; Ho-san - na! praised be the Lord!
O praised be the Lord!
cres.
ff
f
Slargando.
Largo.
D. S.
Bless Him, who cometh to bring us sal-va - - - tion!
Slargando.
Largo.
D. S.

No. 71. Come, All Ye People.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Charles Gounod.
Arr. by Pearl C. Hackleman.

A. W. Conner.
Maestoso.

Come, all ye people, Come join with saints and an-gels;

Sound forth the prais-es Of Christ our Lord, once crucified. Sing of His glo-ry, His

gos-pel preach in ev-'ry land Till all the nations shall crown Him King e-ter - nal.

Speak of His love, Of His love for all mankind; Tell how He loved, how He

Speak, O speak speak, O speak, how He loved,

died, How He lives and reigns forev-er-more. Praise we the Lord, Tho' a

how He died, Praise, O praise praise, O praise,

Come, All Ye People.

host should encamp a-gainst us; In His love, by His pow'r He shall save us—His

name shall we praise for-ev-er. Bless-ed for - ev - er Is the Lord of our sal-

va-tion. Praise Him, men and an - gels, Sing His praise for-ev-er-more.

ev-er-more.

Praise Him; Bow before His throne, Vic-tor over death, He dies no more. Reign, Thou

mighty Savior, reigning now in glory, Reign ever-more; Reign for-ev-er-more.

* Use small notes if desirable.

No. 72. * Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY GEO. F. ROSCHE.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Intro.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness com o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be

p

cres. *ff*

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee;
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee;

Near - - er to Thee,..... Near - - er to

Near-er to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near-er, my God, Still

* Published in sheet music form, English and German words: price 50c, postpaid.

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Thee, ...

D. C. 2d stanza.

Near-er to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

ap - pear . . . . . .

3. There let the way, There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n;

Steps un - to heav'n; All

All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy giv'n;

All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy, in mer-cy giv'n;

that Thou send-est me,

beck - on me, Near-er to

An-gels to beck-on, to beck - on me, Near-er, near-

An - gels to beck-on me, Near - er, ... my God, to

Thee, ...

er to Thee, Near-er to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

Thee, ...

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Here, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright

4. Here, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy

Here, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright

with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny grief

praise,..... Out..... of my sto - ny grief

with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny grief

Beth - el I'll raise,....

Beth - el I'll raise,.... So by my

Beth - el I'll raise,.... So by my

Near-er Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

woes to be, Near - er to Thee, Near-er to Thee,

Near - er Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

Nearer, my God, Nearer to Thee, Still near - er to Thee.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Cleav-ing the sky,

5. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

Cleav-ing the sky,

Up-ward I fly,

Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.... ...

Near-er, my God, Still near-er to Thee, Nearer, still near-er to Thee.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,

Near-er to

Near-er to Thee.....

rit.

Near-er to Thee, Near-er, still near-er to Thee.

Thee, ... to Thee, Near-er to Thee,

No. 73. Thy Will Be Done.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Ina Duley Ogdon. DeLoss Smith.

Adagio.

1. Thy will be done, I've learned to say, Tho' sad my heart, and lone my way;
2. Thy will be done; when friends depart, A com-fort-er to me Thou art;
3. Thy will be done; a hope so bright Il-lu-mines sorrow's dark-est night;
4. Thy will be done; 't is well with me, By faith Thy mer-cy-seat I see;

With Thee I can-not be a-lone,— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
Tho' great my loss, Thou canst a-tone,— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
Since Christ a-rose its light has shone,—Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
I'll work and pray till set of sun,— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

No. 74. Father of Mercies.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Raynotte Clyde. DeLoss Smith.

Adagio.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, wilt Thou hear A soul that pleads so hum-bly here?
2. Fa-ther of mer-cies, by that sign, That name that shows Thy love di-vine,
3. Fa-ther of mer-cies, naught I plead Of wor-thi-ness of word or deed.
4. Fa-ther of mer-cies, let me rest This night by naught of sin op-pressed!

And wilt Thou grant Thy lov-ing care To one who humbly kneels in prayer?
Let par-don, like re-fresh-ing rain, Re-store my soul to peace a-gain.
I on-ly plead Thy promise sure, Christ's sa-cri-fice, His love se-cure.
And on the mor-row let me be Led each step of my way by Thee.

NEBRASKA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
909 PARK AVE.
NORFOLK, NEBRASKA

S0-BFL-809